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# The Nassau Literary Magazine.

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THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE is published on the 25th day of each month from October to June inclusive, by the Senior Class of Princeton University. Its aim is to provide the proper outlet for the literary efforts of the undergraduates and thus to encourage the full, symmetrical development of the student body in Belles-Lettres.

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THE  
Nassau Literary Magazine.

VOL. LV.

APRIL, 1900.

No. 9

THE PASSING OF POETRY.

*Rex quondam, rexque futurus.*

BAIRD PRIZE ORATION.

About every time-honoured institution there lingers a suggestion of immortality. "What has been shall be" is the undeliberate opinion of the multitude. So to the minds of most men the production of fourteen centuries had made the place of poetry in English literature secure in its preeminence. They remembered the uninterrupted line of royal bards that began in the confusion of the Saxon conquest. They glanced up the receding valley of the laureled dead, and saw in the dim distance the sturdy singer of Beowulf. There, too, were Chaucer, the first to rule by divine right, and the towering figures of the Elizabethans, with one among them

"On whose forehead  
Climb'd the crowns of the world."

As the splendid procession widened, they beheld the Augustans in their classic elegance of dress, and the poets of the Revolution, some wavering in step, some pressing on with flashing eyes. Surely, they thought, what is so old and excellent must be unending. Yet when, at last, Tennyson was added to the long gray ranks, then arose

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Morton S. Heller '037

prophets of evil who unceasingly cry, "The poet's day is past! No more shall your young men see visions, or your old men dream dreams. The light that never was on sea or land has faded forever in the glare and glory of an alien morn."

It would be idle to deny, at the century's end, the miserable estate of verse. Poems are still picked to pieces in scholastic vivisection, still quoted in the parson's dreary discourse, still mouthed by parlour entertainers, still made to play the stop-gap at the bottom of a page, or grace the teeming columns of the Sunday prints. And that is all—or almost all. Peradventure there be fifty faithful in our Sodom, but the crowd has turned away from its once-beloved divinity. Whose is the blame? None will confess it. The poetaster, wrapping himself in his virtue, as ever points to the "blasting depredations of the caterpillar critics." But not even the "Quarterly" could kill John Keats, or Lord Jeffrey from his Edinburgh bench doom to silence young Byron's genius. The gentle reader, twitted for neglect, tosses his hands in self-righteous indignation, and pleads the lack of living poets. But he is blind, and blind because he will not see. A Pope would not be greeted now as a Pomfret was two hundred years ago. If none be speaking with a high solemnity, at least we are not cursed with the sadness of the Greek decadence; we are not frozen fast in Claudian forms. And so the critic, last indicted, hurls the accusation back upon the public, lays at its own door the narrow art it so derides, and dares declare that present poet must be great in spite of humanity, or else oblivious to the plunging current of its stream.

But whether the bulk of responsibility rests upon the censure of reviewers, the indifference of the people, or the pettiness of poets, is not after all a question of any real concern. There is a problem which confronts us, far deeper, far broader, far more importunate: Do these



betoken merely a temporary fall in literature's incessant fluctuation? Or are they phenomena of a permanent endurance? Has the race outlived its song? Have the inevitable laws of evolution made of metre an archaic expression of the eternal impulse which drives men on to Art? Must the dear Muse, that famous toast and vaunted wit, in whose eyes have danced the elfin-lights of love, be led in final honour to the chimney-corner, and left to gabble gossip with the antiquarian survivors of the snows of yester-year?

The herald of the poetless times proclaims two tremendous tendencies which alone are to determine the direction of the future. One, *Science*, snatches from the bard's possession the pliant clay which he had found in the faculty of wonder, and transforms it into a lump of hardened ignorance. Beyond our universe, it will allow no many-mansioned home of a supernal Being, but only further terms in the infinite series of nature. So closely does it characterize the Unknowable that it robs of its *raison d'être* the revealing power of imagination, which had scaled Heaven, and pierced the veil before the face of God. Shorn of his stole and fillets, it banishes the Vates-Poet from a vast world work-shop of experiment to the Purgatory of our lost illusions. He cannot *teach* us; therefore he must forfeit our respect—and his existence. *Democracy*, on the other hand, is said to have deprived Poetry of its representative quality, since the sovereignty of the greatest number carries in its train an indefinite diffusion of individual activities and a reduction of the uniform conscience of the state into the distracted consciences of myriads of men. We are but blades of grass, blown about by every wind of doctrine. How can we all take root within the poet's heart? Ask not of him to be his generation's type when his generation has no typic traits. It is "significant and culminating epochs" that produce the mighty masters. Democracy is forearmed

against their appearing. While it exists, no Golden Age! no ferment of common thought and rush of common action issuing in a "commensurate and comprehensive poetry."

Such is the prophecy. But prophets *may* be false and purblind. Let Science encroach upon our superstitious mystery as you please, it will leave behind it new fields for imagination stretching in directions now undreamed of. Let its discoveries be never so iconoclastic—they, themselves, become the raw material of the poet's craft. When they shall have taken on a form of flesh and blood, and assumed vital reality to us, creatures of pain and pleasure, he will lend his magic wand to aid the metamorphosis, he will be the first to guide them into the sacred precincts of our bosoms. A noble poet said in noble prose: "Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge, the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science." And there is a subtle mystery which human understanding cannot destroy, for it lies beyond its farthest flight,—the mystery of emotion. Explain and reason night and day, year in and year out, life and the world will still strangely allure us.

"Has the iris of the murmuring shell  
A charm the less because we know full well  
Sweet Nature's trick? Is Music's dying fall  
Less firmly blent with strains antiphonal  
Because within a harp's quick vibrations  
We count the tremor of the spirit's wings?"

Moreover, the poet's purest beauty is invulnerable to the attacks of Democracy—Democracy whose meaning is so frequently debased from the rule of the exalted people to the rule of the embruted populace. The singer reaches strains of a sublime sweetness not when concentrating in his song the passions afloat throughout the atmosphere, but when, absolutely individual, he stands alone before his destiny. And if, at any time he is not the focal unit of his race, the cause is in the momentary dearth of wide convic-

tions rather than the moulding influence of government. Our era has been an era of settlement, of intolerable tolerance. But the imminent social struggle must have its poets to accompany its course and celebrate its triumphs. It may be a bloody revolution fought for equal luxury; or perchance a quiet evolution, prefacing the millennial brotherhood of man, and welcoming with great organ-voices the reign of universal Peace,

Hardened by materialism *we* may not realize the true importance of poetry, or own the poet's claim to sway our feeling. Yet it is more than a pretty fancy which holds that his kingdom still exists somewhere, though the present has erased it from its charts; and that, in the progressive development of human-kind, another generation cannot fail to rediscover his Happy Isles, whose names are Faith and Idealism and Religious Hope. For the poet's realm and the poet's rule are as immortal as the heart of God.

—*D. Laurance Chambers.*

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### "THE LADY, OR THE TIGER?"

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AN ADAPTATION: WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. STOCKTON.

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Will I ever forget the day that Dexter put his arm around my shoulder and said in that big, low voice of his, "I say, Johnnie, old fellow, don't you want to go in for a room with me?"

"Did I *want* to?" Why, there wasn't a fellow in our class that wouldn't have felt proud to room with Dexter Chase. He was one of those generous, noble-hearted men that you simply *have* to love; and although he was the most popular man in our class, never did favouritism sit more lightly or more deservedly on any man's shoulders.

Many are the times that I've thanked my good father for compelling me, much against my youthful inclination, to learn to play the 'cello, for it was this same accomplishment that brought me the best and truest friend I ever had ; for, you see, in Freshman year Dek. and I were two of the few Freshmen taken on the musical clubs—I because of my 'cello, and Dek. because he had the finest, deepest bass voice in college ; and as Freshmen in the clubs are of necessity thrown together a great deal, it came about that Dek. and I became such good friends. So we got a room up in West College, and around that old room cluster the sweetest memories of those happy, happy years.

It was in Senior year, however, that it all happened. Dek. was leader of the Glee Club and I was still sawing away on my old 'cello. The clubs were good that year, and the concerts were uniformly successful and well supported by the alumni. Then, as now, the Philadelphia concert was considered the most important of the year. The house was crowded I remember, with a fashionable audience. While "Old Horse" Henny was singing his comic song, Dek. and I were standing behind the big "drop," watching the audience through convenient loop holes in the curtain. Of a sudden I heard Dek. exclaim: "By the Gods! Say, John, come here, quick. There—over in the rear box, on the left. Don't you see?"

"See, see what? What do you mean?"

"Why look, you chump, over there between the old dowager and the old bald head. See her now?"

"Ah, its a 'her,' is it?" And just then I caught sight of her and ceased to scoff. She was leaning forward, a little, the glare of the lights on her lustrous hair and gleaming white shoulders. Her lips were parted and her eyes dancing at "Old Horse's" absurdities. But I had little time to gaze, for Dek. pushed me away and glued his own eye to the hole. Then he turned to me.

"In Heaven's name, who *is* she?"

"Do you suppose I know *all* the queens on this earth? But I do happen to know whom she is with. That's Senator Cannon and his wife from Missouri."

"Know them well enough for a knock down?"

"Sure. He was a classmate of father's in '61. We'll brace up to him after the concert."

So, after the last strains of the "Triangle Song" had ceased to reverberate, and the cheers for Philadelphia and Princeton had been given, we rushed around through the wings and into the corridor.

By good fortune Senator Cannon remembered me and greeted me cordially: "How are you, my lad, and how's your father and mother? Carolyn," turning to his wife, "you remember John Leonard's son, don't you? And this is my niece, Amelia Morgan—Mr. Leonard," and I was bowing over the hand of the goddess. Then came Dek.'s turn, and in a minute we were all talking and laughing like old acquaintances. Much to my disgust, the Senator and his wife besieged me with questions about my people, leaving Dek. and Miss Morgan together, and I could see he was making the most of his opportunities.

How he did it, I don't know. Some men will enter boldly into the temple of a woman's heart and take possession of its most sacred shrine, while others stand outside in abject and futile worship. In some mysterious way he obtained permission to call and many were the trips to Philadelphia, where Amy,—I can't help calling her by her first name—was visiting. Then came the letters, first at conventional intervals, then once a week and oftener, daintily tinted missives, that breathed delicate feminine odours. (That was before the time that fashion set its ban on coloured and perfumed stationery.) Old Dek. wrote reams and reams and cudgelled his brains and the diction-

ary to find expressions fit to convey his feelings—and then sent most of his effusions up the chimney as utterly inadequate. Then came the photograph. I tell you, that was an occasion of moment. I recall with what reverence he took that bit of cardboard from its wrappings and placed it on the mantle. Then he stood back and gazed on it as some devotee might at a sacred relic. And then he burst out: "Oh, John, she's the sweetest, purest girl that ever lived—but I'm going to win her if I can." And I, of course, said the awkward, impulsive things that most any chum might have said under the circumstances. Then, — but it was just the conventional college love story with which you are all familiar. Dek. was hard hit, but I never doubted but what he would win her. And he was worthy of her too, beautiful as she was—and I still think, cynical bachelor that I am, that she is the finest woman I have ever seen. I was a bit jealous of course, first of Dek., for no one could pass unscathed before the fire of those wonderful eyes; then of Amy, for I loved Dek. as Jonathan did David, and it hurt a little to see him so devoted—but he was a true friend, and that soon passed, and I was as eager for his success as he himself.

It was at the Senior dance that the climax came. Amy and Mrs. Cannon were up from Philadelphia at Dek.'s invitation. How resplendently she shone that night! And how proud and handsome Dek. looked! Even I came in for a bit of mirrored pride as the chum of the man "that has that stunning girl up from Philly."

Sometime in the "wee sma'" hours Dek. drew me outside for a smoke. It was a still, clear, crisp spring night with the full moon peering over the towers of Wither-spoon and bathing everything in its ghostly effulgence. It seemed like another world, almost, as we emerged from the hot and noisy Casino. "Johnnie," said Dek. as he slipped his arm over my shoulder, "I've something to tell

you. I suppose you've guessed it already, but I want to tell you just the same, because I've simply got to tell some one. Johnny, old man, Amy has promised to be my wife."

I was too much in sympathy to break the spell by any common place congratulation.

"My wife!" He sprang away from me and stood there alone, full in the flooding moonlight, his face glorified by the happiness that filled his heart.

All went well enough for a while. Dek. lived in a dream of bliss, never tolerating the possibility of an estrangement. But the fabric of their love was made of material too fine and ethereal to exist without breaking. And Dek., generous and noble as he was, yet possessed some unpleasant traits. He was proud and domineering, and—well, I never did know just how it happened, but some difference arose, she was as proud as he, and so the inevitable quarrel came. I came into the room one night to find Dek. standing by the mantle, his head bowed on his arms, and his shoulders twitching convulsively. On the floor lay a crumpled letter that told the story. I tried to comfort him, and after a while he looked up with a sad smile on his face that wrung my heart.

"You see, Johnnie," he said brokenly, "it comes kind o' tough, because I never thought anything could ever come between us. I didn't think our love was made of that kind of stuff. I—I suppose I've been a fool, and, it was all my fault, but it's all over now."

"Nonsense, Dek. Come, be a man, and go down to Philly and make it up."

"No, Johnnie, you're wrong this time—you're wrong, old man. You don't understand, that's all. There isn't any 'making up.' Besides, she's gone home to St. Louis."

And, say anything I might, I couldn't persuade him. For a while he went around white and wan, with a look of dumb suffering on his face that was pitiful to see, but



after a while he pulled himself together, and to all appearances, became himself again, and only I knew the grief that gnawed at his heart.

Baseball affairs were in a peculiar condition that spring. We had a team, that, as far as fielding and batting were concerned, were licensed to win. There was "Punk" Wiley on first and Charlie Jones, the Captain at short, and old McAllison in center field, and the others whose names I have forgotten. But Jim Hall, our regular pitcher threw his arm out in the second Harvard game, leaving the team without a reliable pitcher. Our only substitute was a Freshman named Lee, good enough when we had Hall to fall back on, but with a fatal tendency to "go up in the air" at critical moments. And so it was with fear and trembling that we awaited the returns from the first game at New Haven, and no one was much surprised when we heard the score, fifteen to twelve in favour of Yale.

There was woe at Old Nassau on that day, and the disappointment was more poignant because we felt that with even an ordinary pitcher in the box we would have won easily, our men playing an errorless game, and batting equally well. That night, after the team returned there was a council of war held up in Charlie Jones room. Wiley, McAllison and one or two others had gathered to face the situation. After a futile discussion, McAllison, who usually said little, brought his big fist down on the table: "Look here, fellows," he said, deliberately, "there's just one man in this college that can possibly save us."

"Well, who in Heaven's name is it?" demanded the others.

"Dek. Chase."

"Dek. Chase? Why, he can't pitch."

"Didn't he pitch his Freshman team to victory while you were in Prep. school?"



"But he hasn't done a thing in two years, and we've got only a week."

"Yes, I know. He's never been really needed before. But he keeps himself in good condition, and—I went through Lawrenceville with him, and—I believe he's our one hope. Besides, there is no one else."

There was something about McAllison's quiet assurance that carried conviction.

"Well, let's go down and see him," proposed Jones.

"Why, man, it's after midnight."

"Can't help it. Come on."

Jones' room was in the same entry as ours, and down they came, banging at the door, and awakening me out of a sound sleep. Dek. hadn't gone to bed yet, poor chap. That was less than a week after his estrangement with Amy, and he used to sit up very nearly all night, brooding over his grief.

As soon as the men entered they made known the object of their visit, Jones being the spokesman: "We've been talking over the situation, Dek. and we've come to the conclusion that there's just one man in college that can save us, and that man is you. Hall is out of it for good, worse luck, and Lee isn't worth his fare to the Junction, and—you've got to do it, and that's all there is about it."

To my surprise Dek. offered no demur.

"Well fellows," he said quietly, after a moment's thought, "it's little enough I can do for the old College, but I'll do all I can."

"Good on your head, old man," shouted the usually undemonstrative McAllison. "I knew you'd do it. We'll beat old Yale yet. See if we don't." And after a general hand-shaking, they trooped off to their rooms.

Dek. came in and sat down on the side of my bed to talk it over. "I'll do most anything for Princeton," he

said. "I don't suppose I'll be any good, but I'll do all that's in me. "Besides," he added reflectively, "it will help me to forget."

That was a week of hard practice down at Osborne Field. Dek. worked like a beaver, getting his arm in shape, but only a few knew that he was scheduled to pitch, it being generally supposed that he was merely giving the batters practice. The authorities also decided to let Lee start the game, for fear that Dexter's arm wouldn't stand the strain of the full nine innings.

The eventful day arrived at last — as all eventful days do, no matter how impatiently they are anticipated — and with it the vast crowd of visitors. The grand stand soon filled with fathers and mothers, sisters and sweethearts, while on the bleachers thronged the undergraduate, desperate of victory, but loyal to the core, and ready to cheer himself into apoplexy, if by so doing he might bring glory to Old Nassau.

After the "Old Grads." had "pee-raded" around the track, performed their usual antics and settled down to watch, then came that still moment of choking suspense, relieved by the roar of applause which greets the two teams as they trot out on the diamond.

"First man up. Play ball" in the umpire's strident tones and the game is on. The first three innings were encouraging. Our men played like fiends and batted out three runs while Yale only scored one. Lee was pitching desperately, but his haggard look boded ill for his staying qualities. In the fourth, after two men were retired, the third Yale batter hit to deep center and took three bases. Here was the chance for Lee to display his weakness, and, sure enough he gave the next man his base and hit the next batter, filling the bases. The next man up hit a futile ground-er right into the pitcher's hands, and an easy throw to any base would have ended the agony; but Lee stood a moment

in indecision, and then — deliberately as it seemed to us — threw the ball way over the first baseman's head in among the horses and vehicles. A groan of despair went up from the bleachers as three Yale men raced across the plate, but the fourth was put out at the plate by a magnificent throw by Wiley from among the carriages.

That made the score four to three in favor of the blue. Dek. of course was put in in the next inning, and I caught a glance of his face as he trotted to the box, and its expression of quiet resolution sent a thrill of pride and hope through me. The first two men went out in easy chances, and the third man struck out, while Princeton in her half scored two runs. Then the bleachers awoke to the possibility of winning and cheered and sang like maniacs. To be brief, we scored three more, while Yale never got another man across the plate, making the final score eight to four. In the five innings that he pitched, Dek, allowed only three scattered hits and struck out five men.

That was a great day for Princeton. Victory snatched from defeat is ever sweeter by far than victory anticipated. Naturally, Dek. was lauded, lionised and hailed as the saviour of Princeton's fair name in base ball. He wore his honours easily, but I knew that even his triumph failed to neutralise the ache in his heart. All during the festive week that followed the team practiced faithfully, ardently supported by the undergraduate body, whose mercurial temper shifted from the freezing point of hopelessness to the blood-heat of supremest confidence. The very idea of losing with Dek. in the box was banished as too absurd to tolerate. Dek. went up to New York on Thursday with the team, but I remained to take an examination for a fellowship, and to bid my last farewell — an unworthily Bacchanalian one, I fear — to the scenes and faces I had learned to love so well.

I missed the last train Friday night, overslept Satur-

day morning, and hardly caught the latest train that would enable me to reach New York in time for the game which began at three. As soon as I reached the city, I rushed up to the Murray Hill, where the team was staying, to find Dek. packing up his baseball paraphernalia, preparing to leave for the field. "Hello, John," he greeted me, "this is a nice time to show up."

"Couldn't help it," I replied, "here's some mail for you."

Heedlessly, he turned over the half-dozen letters, then seized one, rushed to the window, tore it open frantically and read it, and as I watched him, I saw the same rapturous expression that his face wore the night of the Senior dance. "Read it," he said, simply, as he handed me the note.

It was post marked "St. Louis," and began without formal address :

Oh, Dexter, I can't stand it any longer. It was all my fault, I know, every bit. I have suffered, Heaven only knows how much, and I will do anything to make amends. I am going abroad with Mr. and Mrs. Cannon, and will be in New York for two or three hours. We go on the City of Glasgow, and if you care to see me come to the boat at half past two—we leave at four. If you *don't* care, why, just don't come.

AMY.

When I finished, Dek. was still at the window looking out at the little court with swimming eyes. As I looked up he glanced at his watch; "A quarter past two—I've just time." He seized his hat and started for the door.

"But, Dek!" I shouted, "the game."

He stopped, put his hand to his eyes confusedly.

Down in the corridors some one was shouting: "Where's Dek Chase. He'll miss the 'bus if he don't hurry."

Then, slowly and painfully, the full tragic significance of the alternative forced itself upon him. He gasped and paled.

"John!" he said, with despair in his voice, I can't give her up — now, after all I've suffered."

"Send a messenger," I suggested.

"Oh, no, it won't do. Her pride — no, it's go to her or give her up, forever. Oh, God! What can I do? *What can I do?*"

But don't delude yourself, gentle reader, into thinking that I am going to tell you what he did. I confess, the dilemma is too much for me. But, you, my undergraduate friend, with all your vaunted loyalty to Princeton, which would you do? Consider carefully—is the happiness of a life time to be sold for a hollow victory? But think again. Is the love of a maid to be preferred to the glory of Old Nassau? However, I leave it to you to say. Put yourself in his place, and make your decision. Which shall it be, "*The Lady or the Tiger?*"

—W. F. G. Thacher.

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#### THE FUTURE OF THE AMERICAN NOVEL.

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It is a rather refreshing proceeding in these days of flashing rapiers, gilt stomachers, lily hands, snowy ruffles, clasped garters, shoes galloned with silver, blue Virginian landscapes of striking wall paper effects, "S'deaths," and the residuum of sickening sentimentality and seventeenth century fustion and frumpery, which the American public of to-day like a vast prehistoric monster with steelplate lining on its belly, is devouring with the voracity of a sausage machine, to stop for a moment and speculate modestly as to whither our fiction is tending. For the pendulum must swing. The rapier must blunt itself—from killing so many people. The periwig must tumble off. The

monster must soon be satiated, nay, nauseated. Romanticism, which is to-day sentimentality, despite some instances of genuine feeling, must soon give way to a literature of life.

Otherwise the novel will suffer a relapse, and the "book traders" will no longer land catches that reach their ninetieth thousand a month after publication.

Fiction, of course, is strongly dominated by the race element. Witness the rise and evolution of the naturalistic novel. In France, its birth place, from its inception in 1880, it has become materialistic to the last degree under the relentless genius of that latter day "Vulcan," Zola. In Russia it has yielded to the tremendous pessimism of the Slav, and has become didactic. In America it has descended, under our leading disciple of Zola, Mr. Howells, into a spiritless monotony. But naturalism has long been on the wane, indeed is all but dead, as critics are generally agreed. In fact it is a question whether such a thing ever really existed according to the dogmas set forth in "Le Roman Experimental." Zola's theory was to read nature with an absolutely impartial eye, to deny the entrance of the imagination, to portray men and things with a coldly scientific accuracy of detail. While he became a physiologist rather than a psychologist, a photographer rather than a painter, there is nevertheless a human note running through his work, and he is constrained to say "Art is nature seen through a *temperament*." Back of the object he has to realise its potentiality, as Mr. Mabie puts it, and a neglect thereof is a loss of perspective. In Russia naturalism has departed still further from the original precepts of its propagator. Slavish fiction is reaping the fruits of absolutism, a rich boon strange to say. For it has been the death blow to materialism. It has kindled the fires in restricted breasts to break forth in defiance of an imperial dictum, and find expression from

the pens of great masters in a glowing Idealism, which more than anything else is working toward the regeneration of Russian society. But it is this very intensity of feeling, this deep insight into the relations of things, that has given rise to an ethical tendency, a didactic strain, which to some critics is atoned for by a loss of art. Such, for instance is Tolstoi's latest work, "Resurrection," a book which can be termed a novel only by courtesy, but which is immensely strong and truthful in its portrayal of life. In any case one must concede it to be one of the great "life books" in fiction, for though written to the Slav, it has that magic quality of universality, which strikes a common chord in all hearts.

So we see the outcome of the naturalistic novel in Russia, the result being a high order of realism, or life literature. American fiction has not gone apace, and why? It is the race element again, the same force which, since the rise of naturalism has so thoroughly differentiated Anglo-Saxon fiction from that of continental Europe. Certain traits inherent in the race have combined to annul the growth of the realistic novel in our own country. We have never produced a great life work, with the possible exception of Henry James' "Bostonians," and only a part of it strikes the true realistic note. For what has Realism come to mean? It now stands for that which depicts life as it is and what it *should be*. In this last clause we have the key note of the best literature of every age. Goethe put the case in a nutshell when he said that the Ideal is the completion of the real. Idealism enters to give background and sequence and life to the picture. It is the highest conception of fiction, whether it be called by the abused and ill-treated word Realism or not. It is the realism of Balzac and of Thackeray, and it is the realism, which every man jealous of his country's place in the world's fiction should pray for.



What is this element that comes between us and a great fiction? A Parisian critic once remarked that a strong nation does not produce great novels, but that is not true. The impediment is first of all a traditional and ingrained *priggishness*, an inborn regard for conventionality, which leads the Anglo-Saxon, as Mr. Gosse says, "to slur over the dissonances between man and nature." The Latin and Slav races go to the opposite pole, and emphasize these human discords. The result is the inevitable swing of the pendulum to a minute examination of crime and filth and sensuousness, and consequently to a closer insight into life. The Anglo-Saxon carefully rolls up his trousers, and steps daintily across the broad puddle of dirt and sin, fearing to soil so much as the tip of his boot,—and with what pray? With the life that God has given his less fortunate brother or sister. Mr. Gosse explains this feeling on the basis of our "beautiful Protestant institutions," whereby we go to Sunday School, learn our little Bible lessons, say our little prayers, and worship little tin gods, to which we give our own names, then come home and believe it a sin to read Balzac on the "Sabbath day." Verily if this is not one of the greatest proofs of the narrowness of Protestantism, the present writer is far away from the mark. Such an absence of anything idealistic, such a self-righteous coldness in our fiction are direct results of this hypocritical conventionality, which is so rampant in our social point of view and religious teaching. Why in Heaven's name can we not get down to *life*. Is it that we are *afraid* of sin and filth? Then are we cowards. Is it that they are unnatural and too loathsome to be touched even by the pen? Then why did Christ go among them, and write of them? We rest content in the thought that our city missions are all sufficient. But fiction, in the hands of great masters, is more forceful than missions and clergy put together. Such is the case in Russia.



Well, what has been the result of this absence of the human element in our fiction? We are literary *farmers*. We live in a state of literary "provincialism," as Hamilton Mabie would say. We have our Mary Wilkins, proud as a child over a new hobby horse, of her little corner of New England country life, doing good work in that same little corner, but striking no universal chord. We have our southern writers, all giving us entertaining little flash lights of their own corners, but producing no common appeal. We have our sketcher of ordinary things, Mr. Howells, who draws with a fine accuracy of touch, but reaches no depth of human feeling. In short we have a novel for one section of the country, and another for another, each fulfilling its very important office, but the spirit productive of a great novel is lacking.

It has often been said that the complexity of humanity over this broad land must necessarily preclude a great universal work of fiction. It is false. There are certain tendencies in every social order, that must certainly quicken the common pulse of the nation and of the world, if they be materials in the hands of great masters. Take the life in our great cities, low and high. What a world of sin and misery, which if thrown upon a great canvas must inevitably bring the beholder closer to life. Do not mistake. We do not advocate the extremes of French materialism, the sunless depicture of revolting things, but a portrayal of these things as object lessons. We should like to see life illumined by the imagination and thrown vividly upon the mental retina. The fact is seen by the physical eye, but the truth is beholden by the imagination, the eye of the soul. This must be the watch-word of our higher development in fiction—Truth. It is the only conception of Realism, used in its interpretive, not its materialistic sense. Many a novelist has thought to himself, what a great novel he could produce, if he could only be *bad*.

For goodness sake let him be bad,—provided he be a master. It requires all the art of the truest student of human nature, the keenest observer of external conditions, the finest artisan of the pen, to produce life, to place Truth upon the page, to follow up the eye with the imagination, to realise the Ideal as the completion of the Real.

Idealism involves a great underlying sympathy. It arises from the clear perception of the "dissonances between man and nature," to repeat, and it is this to which our novelists must awaken, at the same time shaking off the shackles of a false conventionality, and a cowardly fear to utter the truth, however repulsive and crime-stained its subjects.

But the novelist of the future need not go exclusively into the dens of licentiousness and crime. A tremendous field of universal appeal lies in the labor communities of this country. A study of the great industrial populations, the thoughts, emotions, impulses, and habits of this turbulent billow that rides our sea of humanity. Here is material for a wonderful realistic novel which shall work its way into the hearts of not only the American people of all sections, but shall map its course throughout the civilised world. For the subject is world wide.

But such a study, to reiterate again and again, must be a Realism with Idealism as its mainspring. There must be no cold recital of facts, no luke warm portrayal of people. The picture must be colored by the richest, warmest hue of sympathy, an illuminating interpretation, which shall secure not only the fact, but the Truth. In doing this the novel may become momentarily didactic, and detract somewhat in art, but this will be only a healthy reaction from the present craze for sentimentality.

It remains for some great artist to take the American public by the scruff of the neck, shake it till it blubbers,

and then bellow out in stentorian tones that can be heard throughout the length and breadth of the land: "You great big hypocritical cuss, get some of this superficial conventionality out of your system. Forget sentimentality and conceive a true sentiment. Learn more and be willing to hear more about life *as it is*."

And then from out this great resourceful sea of *force* which lies about us will be drawn by the artist's hands a measure of *power*.

—Herbert Hill Moore.

### DOUBLE BALLADE.

(A LONG WAY AFTER VILLON.)

Ah, lovers, love to your heart's good will,  
Attend the routs and romp at play,  
At last Sir Love will send his bill  
And make you all his debts defray :  
He drove the Preacher far from God ;  
He stuffed old Samson's eyes with clay . . .  
Woe to the man who feels his rod !

Orpheus with his flute's sweet trill  
That bade the beasts and rivers stay—  
'Twas love who led him all a-thrill  
Down to the spot where Cerberus lay.  
'Twas love who doomed Narcissus gay,  
As he watched his face in the fountain nod ;  
Love drowned him deep 'neath the ripples' sway.  
Woe to the man who feels his rod !

Sardana who, when knightly still,  
Had conquered Crete in bloody fray,  
Alas ! let Love his manhood kill  
And lived his life a gentle may.  
Seeing Bath-Sheba one fine day,  
King David, prophet of his God,  
For Love forgot to kneel and pray—  
Woe to the man who feels his rod !

And I for him was thrashed until  
Next to naked I tore away.  
Now who should give this bitter pill  
But Kate Vauselles, the wily fay?  
And who the beating but Noé? —  
Three wrangling peas within the pod,  
And Love to have his little say.  
Woe to the man who feels his rod!

But youth 'll never get his fill,  
And leave his Molls the deil to pay,  
Though men should roast him or should grill,  
Or like a baneful witch should flay.  
To him the girls are fair for aye,  
And still he'll tread where fools have trod,  
And still will Love's behest obey.  
Woe to the man who feels his rod!

—D. Laurance Chambers.

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#### BYRON, SHELLEY AND BROWNING.

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At first glance one might very reasonably be surprised at the combination of names appearing above. The authors have been grouped together by a theory of contrast rather than for any striking similarity, though in some cases they do bear individual traits in common. In this important point however they shared alike; each bears unmistakable imprints of the influence of the French Revolution.

Byron has been called "the poet of the Revolution," from the fact that he reflected in nearly all his work its cardinal principles. The effect upon Shelley was subjective and therefore led to quite a different form of expression. Browning while undoubtedly influenced by it was not so enthusiastically responsive as the others. The difference in effect can be traced to the difference in personality. Byron was of a quick impulsive disposition and responded to any external force which appealed strongly to his sym-

pathies or antipathies. By his intuitive power he absorbed all that was best of the Revolutionary spirit. The result was his bitter opposition to hypocrisy and cant in any form and his love of nature. Shelley was more of an idealist but though possessed of even greater ability than his contemporary, he fell short in practical enthusiasm. As a natural consequence it was Shelley, not Byron, who wrote the most artistic poetry, and Byron not Shelley who was the living influence in current English literature. Browning was of a very different stamp. He lived later, was deeper and more mature; yet the same independence and love of liberty are discernable in him. From the great body of illustrative lines, these few from "Why I am a Liberal" will suffice.

"But little do or can the best of us :  
That little is achieved through Liberty.  
Who then dares hold, emancipated thus,  
His fellow shall continue bound? Not I,  
Who live, love, labor freely nor discuss  
A brother's right to Freedom."

It was in the matter of religious belief however that he differed most radically from Byron and Shelley. They were avowed atheists. The latter was a vegetarian besides and had his own peculiar views on marriage as well as diet. Browning on the other hand was a theist, trained from childhood to an orthodox belief. Nowhere is the resulting difference more clearly shown than in the way in which they view death. Byron's characters meet their end calmly, almost stoically, for example Sardanapalus or Manfred whose last words were,

"'Tis not so hard to die."

His attitude is very clearly summed up in these words which he puts into the mouth of Myrrha (Sardanapalus, Act IV).

" I know no evil death can show, which life  
Has not already shown to those who live  
Embodied longest. If there be indeed  
A shore where mind survives, 'twill be as mind,  
All unincorporate ; or if there flits  
A shadow of this cumbrous clog of clay,  
Which stalks, methinks, between our souls and heaven,  
And fetters us to earth — at least the phantom,  
Whate'er it have to fear will not fear death."

Probably Byron believed in the immortality of the soul ; there are many places that indicate it. If this be true we have the secret of another wise unaccountable equanimity. With Shelley however all is utter darkness and doubt. It is his own uncertainty that cries through Beatrice Cenci,

" My God ! Can it be possible I have  
To die so suddenly ? So young to go  
Under the obscure, cold, rotting, wormy ground !  
To be nailed down into a narrow place.  
To see no more sweet sunshine ; hear no more  
Blithe voice of living thing ; muse not again  
Upon familiar thoughts, sad, yet thus lost —  
How fearful ! to be nothing ! Or to be . . .  
What ? Oh, where am I ? Let me not go mad !  
Sweet Heaven, forgive weak thoughts ? If there should be  
No God, no Heaven, no Earth in the void world ;  
The wide, gray, lampless, deep, unpeopled world ! "

In "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon" Browning has portrayed the death of a young girl whose character bears certain striking resemblances to that of Beatrice. But Mildred Tresham does not for a moment give way to doubt or to despair. There is none of the horror and dread which we distinctly feel pervading Beatrice's speech, despite its artistic power and beauty. On the contrary she passes away resting calmly in the assurance of a future state.

" You loose my soul of all its cares at once.  
Death makes me sure of him forever ! You  
Tell me his last words ? He shall tell me them,  
And take my answer — not in words, but reading  
Himself the heart I had to read him late.

. . . . .

As I dare approach that Heaven  
Which has not bade a living thing despair,  
Which needs no code to keep its grace from stain,  
But bids the vilest worm that turns on it  
Desist and be forgiven — I — forgive not,  
But bless you, Thorold, from my soul of souls!"

It is interesting to notice the scope of these three writers. While all of them wrote in each of the three fields of poetry each excelled in one particular branch. Shelley's genius was primarily lyrical, Browning's dramatic. Byron is harder to classify. Although the greater part of his work was done in epic form he is really a lyric poet. But none of them confined themselves to any one sphere. From Shelley's pen we have "The Revolt of Islam" and "The Cenci," which Swinburne has ranked as "the greatest play since Shakespeare." Byron experimented in drama with doubtful success and his purely lyrical work is still less noteworthy. His fame rests largely upon such lyrical epics as *Don Juan* which, aside from an entirely unnecessary coarseness, has an undoubted claim to greatness. Browning's field was preëminently the drama. He was at home in it, especially in the psychological drama. In looking over the contents of his Browning one is struck by the number of "Dramatic Lyrics," "Dramatic Romances," etc., aside from the dramas proper. Yet Browning has left some admirable lyrics and "The Ring and the Book" has been ranked as the greatest English epic after "Paradise Lost." Browning was a keen analyst of character and therein lay his success in the psychological drama — of which we could scarcely have a better illustration than *Paracelsus*.

But even a trait which is in itself admirable may be overdone. This is the weak point in Browning's dramatic work. His characters are continually breaking the continuity of the action (where there is any worthy of the name), to pick themselves apart and analyse their minds.

Pippa does it, Mildred Tresham does it, even Pompilia does it. The action of the characters is entirely subordinated to a study of their motives. Miss Woodbridge in commenting on this in her recent book on "The Drama" says, "Browning's strength becomes his weakness, his seer's vision of the spiritual man makes him lose grip on those outer activities of life which are indispensable parts of the dramatist's material." In many cases, as in *Paracelsus* and *Sordello*, Browning has been wise enough to give up the strict dramatic form. It is for this reason that his dramatic poems far excel his dramas pure and simple. Some critic has said with mingled truth and humour, "Browning's plays are great poems—and they really ought to be dramatised." Although as a writer of psychological drama he has been unsurpassed, yet when we view his work from the stand point of the drama proper, he falls short of Tennyson and even Shelley.

The drama probably depends more upon character drawing, than upon any other single quality. In this department Shelley and Browning met with considerable success while Byron failed. His figures were largely drawn before a mirror. We have Byron's method, Byron's type, Byron's ideas on every hand. The great dramatist, however, obliterates himself entirely. It would be beyond the power of man to evolve the personality of Shakespeare from his plays. There lies the secret of his breadth, his scope, his power, his success.

But our three authors differed as radically in quality as in their fields of work. Each has, of course, his own individual style. Browning, as every one knows, is deep and abstruse. Shelley has been best described by that phrase of Matthew Arnold's, so familiar as to be almost trite—"A beautiful and ineffectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." Byron is neither deep nor angelic. Rather is he like a cloud-flecked hillside, alternating sun and shade; you can never tell from one



line what the quality of the next will be. Like Browning he wrote rapidly, stretching a rhyme for speed if necessary, until we fear the Muse must have been sadly vexed. In striking contrast to these careless and daring experiments, we note the grace and polish of all of Shelley's poetry. Such a thing as the Byronic imperfection is not to be found in his work. He has a place for every word and every word in its place.

He was lacking, however, in clearness and practicality. He dwells above us in the clouds, musing and dreaming. In fact much that seems superficial from the smoothness of the phraseology is in reality idealistic and far above us albeit somewhat hazily expressed. It is for this reason that one can read Shelley by the hour and enjoy him too, and yet wonder afterwards what it was all about. His poetry has a charm of its own to the naked eye but it is not suited to the microscope. Browning on the other hand, is of the opposite type. He is too deep. The number and zeal of the Browning societies attest the ability of his poetry to survive and even to defy the microscopic method. Many good critics believe that this characteristic is the result not so much of depth of thought as of failure to adequately express himself. It has been aptly said that he "condensed by the phrase and expanded by the volume."

To chose between the three would be impossible. Each has his merits and each has his defects. We have already seen how widely different, in many cases diametrically opposed they were. Human nature is vastly complex. No two minds agree upon every point. No single style or method will appeal equally to more than one person. Every man must therefore make his own choice. Each of these three authors has served his day and time, each is still serving humanity though in different ways. But as to any arbitrary choice between them, that is impossible and even an expression of preference must be left, reader, to you.

—John B. Kelly.

### THE LITERARY CENSUS.

On page 114 of Vol. 55, No. 2, of the *LIT.* you may read "We shall postpone a discussion of literary companionship through books until a later issue when we hope to present some statistics upon the students' acquaintance with literature?" The following table contains the statistics to which we referred. In collating these statistics we were actuated by the same motive that suggested "The Story-Tellers' Number" of December and "The Alumni Number" of February; namely to raise the *LIT.* in the estimation both of the undergraduates and Alumni by filling it with valuable material. This is the first time that such a set of statistics has been published and they are not only novel and interesting, but instructive as well and full of significance concerning the literary tendencies of modern university life. They bring definiteness to our remarks upon the literary atmosphere of college, in particular, of Princeton. Heretofore, the gauge of our literary life has been by the standard of purely subjective impressions and of course the record varied greatly, according to the personality and personal acquaintance of the observer. One professor will say that the literary standard of the undergraduates is very high, because the small circle of students whom he knows intimately, happen to be very well-read. The next professor, because his friends have athletic rather than literary inclinations, will place the standard very low. Now that we have the records in cold objective figures, we ought to reach a truer appreciation of our literary life. A third important motive for this work has been the reflex stimulus of the publication of this list upon the reading of the individual students. When each student checked off the books that he had read, he realised how small was his knowledge of standard literature, or how one sided his reading had been. The editor has had more than two hundred requests for extra lists "to keep and see what to read." Ignorance and carelessness are the chief causes of a shallow acquaintance with good literature and when a man makes a bibliographical inventory such as this, he is brought sharply to a correct appreciation of his defects. It is to be hoped that a similar census may be taken next year which would show just what effect this Census has had, in exhibiting the individual defects and appealing to the sense of shame and ambition for symmetrical development.

Early last fall the editor drew up this list and submitted it to the criticism of five professors. Our aim was to secure a representative list of standard literature such as must form the foundation of every liberal

English education. We found that if the list was to be kept within any reasonable length we must not include any of the recent popular writers such as Kipling, Doyle and Crockett, in regard to most of whom there is still much doubt as to whether an acquaintance with them is essential to a liberal education. We did not desire to find out what books the students had read but which of *these* books they had read. No one should entertain for a moment the thought that these are all the books which the men have read. Two generations ago a complete list of all books read by college students might have been compiled but today the large number of students and the far larger multitude of books render it impossible.

We were not able to include in our list any books along special lines of investigation except "History" and we regret that we did not exclude it, for the results, being so fragmentary, are misleading. Statistics concerning special literature may be arranged from the records in the University Library; and these, in connection with the table below would give a fair and comprehensive view of the elements of our literary life.

Too much weight must not be placed on the records under "Periodicals," for many of the students did not understand what was meant by "reading a magazine regularly." We have not tried to handle the replies to "What is your favorite author?" and "What books have you read more than once?" because we felt that they were of less importance.

Before you look over and criticise the results you ought to read the list of books over carefully and see where you yourself stand, for it is a severe list. You will then be inclined to think the records more encouraging than the first glance indicates. If you are comparing the literary life of Princeton with that of another university, you should be careful to have commensurable data from both. You must not compare these definite facts with what you *think* is the situation elsewhere. In fact it will be difficult to make a comparison unless another university should collate some such statistics as these. Although, we are far from being satisfied with Princeton's undergraduate literary life, yet we believe it will compare very favorably with that of our sister universities. The very fact that we were able to undertake and accomplish such a task as this Census, is an indication of a good healthy tone in our literary atmosphere. The results themselves are very encouraging though surprising in some respects.

Owing to the increasing demands upon our time which the approaching Commencement brings, we have been able to complete only one of the series of tables that we hoped to publish. In this the records are arranged according to college classes. If it is possible, tables will be published later in which the records will be arranged according to the preparatory schools from which the men came, to show whether the Western High Schools, the smaller Eastern Academies or the larger schools give the best literary foundation to their students. Another table will be by states, to show whether the geographical location has

any effect on what the students read. Another table will be by cities, showing whether the students from New York, or Philadelphia or a city of 10,000, etc., are the better read. Still another table of interest will be that wherein the records are classified according to the intended profession of the student or the occupation or profession of his father and finally the records might be classified according to religious denominations, showing whether one's creed affects one's general reading.

These tables will require a great deal of time and labor. The single one that we have published involved the careful examination of 296,724 separate answers, the calculation of 15,168 percentages, and of 2,370 averages of four numbers each and 3,318 averages of three numbers each. Had it not been for the kind assistance of the LIT. candidates and others interested in the work, it would have been impossible for us to accomplish this task. And we take this opportunity of expressing our deep sense of gratitude to all those who have assisted.

The total number of records received is 626, or 60 per cent. of the 1,049 undergraduates. A larger percentage of Academic students replied than Scientific, but in all groups the number of replies received were more than a majority of the possible replies, except in the Scientific Sophomores and Freshmen — where the results are therefore not satisfactory. For instance, the smaller number of replies from the Freshman Civil Engineers probably explains why they seem to have read more of Cooper and Scott than the other classes.

We are sorry to see how little biography is read for no literature is more stimulating and inspiring to young men than good biographies, such as those of Arnold, Tennyson, Washington, Grant, etc. When we compare the Academic with the Scientific, we find that the Academic men have read more poetry, more of Arnold and Emerson's essays, of Hawthorne, Kingsley and Stevenson. Yet on the whole the Scientific men seem less erratic, more symmetrical in their reading. There is little variation or increase in the reading of fiction from the Freshman to the Senior Class, but a great increase in the amount of poetry. This indicates that little standard fiction is read in college but a great deal of poetry. The increase is so marked that it cannot be accounted for by the fact that in the English courses, the student is assigned more collateral reading in poetry than in fiction. Perhaps poetry has seemed over our heads before we entered college and now we are just beginning to appreciate its beauty and utility. It must be noticed also that there is a greater variation in poetry than in fiction, rising all the way from Arnold's *Balder Dead* (one per cent.) to *Evangeline* (91 per cent.) and *Paul Revere's Ride* (91 per cent.). *Longfellow* is by far the most popular, then *Shakespeare*, *Burns*, *Whittier*, *Tennyson* and so on to *Wordsworth*, *Shelley*, *Mrs. Browning*, *Morris* and *Arnold*. The most popular of *Shakespeare's* plays are *Hamlet*, *Julius Caesar*, *Othello*, *Romeo and Juliet*. The leading poem of *Tennyson* is *The Charge of the Light Brigade* (79 per cent.) In *Essays* we meet *Irving* first, then *Burke* and finally *Arnold*,

Fiske and Lowell. In Fiction we can trace three groups according to preference (a) Scott, Cooper, Dickens, (b) Stevenson, Hawthorne, (c) Thackeray, Kingsley, Eliot. But none of these are so popular as Robinson Crusoe (93 per cent.)

When we compare the various classes we see that the Juniors lead, then the Seniors, Sophomores and finally the Freshmen. Yet the Seniors excel in Poetry, except Shakespeare, while the Freshmen excel in Holmes, Lamb, Lowell and Cooper. In the Academic groups the rank is: for Fiction, 2nd, 4th, 3rd and 1st; for Poetry, 1st, 2nd, 4th and 3rd.

These are a few of the facts but the table contains much more valuable material. We regret we are not able to comment and criticise more thoroughly and specifically, and we suggest that the data be carefully worked over into articles for publication in the later issues of the LIT.

—James Hugh Moffatt.



Franklin's Autobiog.

Garland's Grant

Grant's Memoirs

Lockhart's Scott

Lowell's Letters

Livingston's Travels

Southey's Nelson

Stanley's T. Arnold

Tarbell's Lincoln

Tennyson

Thackeray's Letters

Washington

ESSAYS

Addison

Spectator

Arnold, M.

Culture and Anarchy

Empedocles on Aetna

Emerson

Essays on Criticism

God and the Bible

Literature and Dogma

Literature and Science

On Translating Homer

The Study of Poetry

Wordsworth

Burke

On America

Letter to Sheriff

Present Discontent

French Revolution

Carlyle, T.

Essays on Burns

12	38	9	25	19	10	25	18	41	31	20	26	13	20	29	17	31	23	11	14	21	16	10	17	14	9	8	20	11	10	14			
4	4	4	3	3	3	2	2	2	9	5	10	9	6	5	5	15	4	28	43	3	26	20	14	20	19	1	3	3	4	6	4		
37	21	21	28	34	26	25	31	17	14	21	18	27	45	19	35	15	28	23	43	28	3	26	20	14	20	19	13	25	24	28	26		
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62	66	50	64	57	50	25	54	75	23	45	49	45	17	40	10	37	42	31	46	71	35	26	41	23	30	38	50	39	41	38	50	43	
37	62	45	46	49	76	50	54	35	40	45	40	79	91	52	81	79	65	72	73	71	72	87	79	83	83	84	C.	189	61	78	78	72	
4	6	4	4	6	4	4	4	17	40	12	21	16	16	8	8	1	1	1	1	1	1	3	5	11	5	5	1	26	2	9	1		
8	2	4	3	14	12	8	75	29	216	16	6	27	15	8	4	11	6	11	7	6	6	10	5	7	7	2	15	8	9	10	9		
25	8	14	11	63	12	22	50	64	28	32	37	9	27	2	10	3	7	3	3	1	1	3	6	10	5	7	2	15	17	5	12	2	
4	2	1	3	2	2	2	5	49	1	17	12	2	12	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	5	2	2	2	
4	1	3	12	2	5	2	10	7	5	2	10	7	5	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	2	1	3	2	
4	1	6	12	2	50	48	11	18	21	16	2	16	2	5	2	1	1	1	1	1	3	3	10	2	5	2	2	11	6	2	3	4	
37	8	2	7	7	23	12	11	11	45	23	28	27	22	3	3	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	9	6	12	9	
12	4	7	10	6	8	8	8	11	9	8	6	7	7	7	3	3	3	2	11	3	3	2	2	1	1	1	1	5	4	3	3	3	
87	76	53	73	90	62	176	C.	94	C.	94	97	76	18	97	95	C.	97	C.	85	197	C.	69	94	86	C.	C.	195	88	92	66	82	82	
62	66	30	17	37	56	50	42	75	94	87	71	80	20	18	64	97	95	96	97	C.	71	95	6	7	2	5	9	5	55	46	35	45	
87	54	41	21	43	26	37	38	C.	82	57	51	59	13	27	48	92	93	86	93	69	56	88	3	5	3	5	3	45	28	30	34	34	
62	54	25	31	36	53	37	40	75	64	51	42	50	17	36	42	86	92	81	88	80	43	85	6	7	11	8	2	C.	37	45	38	32	38
21	11	11	12	26	14	14	14	514	9	6	18	9	84	77	57	75	88	71	177	97	95	94	95	93	C.	196	48	53	47	49	49	49	



Class	SENIOR										JUNIOR						SOPHOMORE						FRESHMAN												
	B. A.				Gd Total	B. A.				Gd Total	B. A.				Gd Total	B. A.				Gd Total	B. A.				Gd Total										
	1	2	3	4		1	2	3	4		Total	1	2	3		4	Total	1	2		3	4	Total	1		2	3	4	Total						
Course																																			
Group																																			
Number of Replies	8	24	46	28	106	30	8	145	4	17	35	55	111	29	11	151	37	84	26	147	26	7	180	31	39	35	105	42	4	151	469	127	30	626	
Essays on Mirabeau																																			
On Characteristics	4	4	4	2	3			2	5	3	10	4					2	2	3	2	14	1	2	1	6	2	3	17	19	50	29	21	26	33	27
French Revolution	25	19	39	26	46	25	30	35	5	11	21	16	13	45	17		29	27	23	27	27	14	26	12	12	25	17	19	50	32	27	25	22	25	
Heroes and Hero Wor.	25	50	37	21	35	46	12	35	23	34	25	28	13	27	25		24	18	19	19	23	19	19	42	15	28	17	19	50	32	27	25	22	25	
Past and Present	12	4	2	4	3	20		7	25	11	2	3	5	9	4		5	2	11	4	7	5			5	6	2			1	4	7	2	4	
Sartor Resartus	33	37	35	33	93	37	45	75	70	51	43	51	6	9	40		19	21	11	19	3	28	17	22	5	8	11	55	0	22	28	27	31	29	
Emerson, R. W.																																			
Essay on Circles	12	4	6	28	12	6	10	5	2	9	6	3	18	6			8	10	3	9	11	14	7	9	2	17	11			1	8	2	1	4	
On Compensation	12	17	11	11	12	3	9	17	8	7	9	6	18	9			19	9	11	12	11	14	16	2	16	2	17	11		4	11	5	8	4	
On Friendship	25	50	39	36	36	12	35	25	53	34	27	33	34	33			38	22	27	34	14	28	35	12	34	26	16			14	30	30	15	25	
On History	15	11	11	12	20	13	11	20	10	13	10	18	13	19			19	15	17	13	19	14	16	7	11	11			4	12	7	10	7	16	
On Love	25	42	19	39	31	20	12	47	23	20	23	22	6	27	19		21	15	27	19	31	20	22	10	23	18	5		8	25	16	7	16		
On Nature	25	50	94	5	18	13	16	17	11	12	12	10	18	12			16	10	15	13	19	14	14	2	5	14	10	2		4	13	11	8	11	
On Representative Men	38	14	17	20	16	95	19	50	16	15	17	18	16				18	15	13	11	14	13	9	10	20	13	5		16	15	12	14	11	14	
On Self-Reliance	21	48	18	10	12	16	25	23	14	31	24	6	18	20			27	14	11	17	19	14	17	19	10	23	17	12		10	19	12	11	14	
On The Poet	12	17	6	7	9	7	5	2	12	8	6	9	8				10	8	11	9	3	8	2	5	8	8			3	8	2	2	4	4	
Fiske, John																																			
Destiny of Man	17	6			6	6		6	25	5	8	3	6	3	5		8	1	15	5	3		5	6	5	2	4	7	25	12	5	5	6	5	
Idea of God	12	6			5	4		17	8	7	9	3	9	8	2		2	1	3	2		1	6	5	4	25			10	3	1	8	4		
Through Nature to God		8			4	2				5		1			1			4	7	4		3		3	9	3			1	3				1	
Holmes, O. W.																																			
Autocrat of B't Table	50	38	65	53	54	37	50	90	75	55	74	51	51	54	51		41	54	50	50	46	56	49	45	23	48	38	43	C.	60	48	49	65	54	
Elise Venner	12	12	17	14	15	10	12	13	75	17	22	36	31	20	26		19	13	15	15	11	14	29	7	17	17	19			12	19	15	3	12	
The Prof. at B't Table	25	17	11	14	12	20	25	14	25	23	14	16	13	27	16		13	12	23	14	38	13	16	15	17	13	9	25		16	14	11	26	17	
The Poet at B't Table	12	25	9	21	16	16	25	16	11	17	16	15	17	11	15		13	13	15	13	38	13	6	12	14	14	25		17	16	13	12	15	18	

*Irving, W.*

Alhambra	37	38	45	46	43	46	62	45	75	41	4	34	39	44	36	40	38	38	34	37	31	75	48	39	31	50	40
Bracebridge Hall	12	21	37	53	31	33	25	31	25	29	28	21	25	10	36	23	13	18	23	17	31	14	15	22	12	14	25
Columbus	12	25	28	25	25	16	12	22	50	17	2	18	14	3	27	13	8	9	7	8	15	9	3	10	17	10	11
Conquest of Granada	12	29	25	46	31	33	50	32	50	23	22	21	23	24	18	23	24	19	23	21	31	14	18	9	23	20	11
Knickerbocker's Hist'y	25	50	39	49	43	44	25	42	75	29	33	23	30	24	45	30	51	27	23	32	15	43	30	88	38	28	23
Life of Washington	33	37	32	32	33	62	34	75	17	20	31	27	20	54	27	10	26	38	24	19	43	24	12	18	23	18	38
Mahomet and his Suc's	11	11	5	13	7	17	7	6	6	9	6	6	6	6	6	6	8	11	6	7	14	7	9	12	8	10	23
Sketch Book	C.	93	72	39	69	80	87	72	C.	70	80	67	73	72	72	73	86	52	77	65	69	71	66	80	72	80	72
Tales of a Traveler	37	46	50	35	44	63	62	49	C.	82	74	77	78	58	91	75	54	47	61	52	57	71	53	45	25	43	62
Wolfert's Roost	12	21	6	14	12	10	25	12	29	14	16	17	3	18	14	8	7	7	7	7	7	7	3	15	2	7	10

*Lamb, Chas.*

Essay of Elia	25	38	23	14	24	36	37	47	25	23	17	16	18	6	9	14	19	14	15	15	3	13	29	18	25	23	12
Tales from Shakespeare	75	50	21	38	56	50	43	C.	64	51	54	57	58	91	59	54	61	77	62	65	71	63	67	49	66	60	45

*Longell, J. R.*

Address on Democracy	6	2	3	2	5	5	5	5	4	29	18	23	22	11	28	3	1	12	22	23	25	23	21	75	40	21	13
Bigelow Papers	33	12	28	30	20	12	20	25	5	22	21	20	9	14	4	5	8	3	6	3	6	3	6	5	4	6	3
On Abraham Lincoln	8	6	7	6	3	12	6	8	7	6	8	7	6	4	4	5	2	7	2	15	4	6	5	4	7	4	12
Chaucer	12	4	6	7	6	20	9	3	5	2	1	2	1	6	18	4	2	7	2	15	4	6	5	4	7	4	12
On Certain Foreigners	4	4	7	4	3	3	3	5	2	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Dante	12	8	6	11	8	3	9	9	5	5	4	3	3	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Dryden	4	4	2	6	3	3	3	3	2	5	3	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Keats	4	2	7	3	6	4	4	25	5	3	4	6	9	5	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Lessing	8	6	4	12	4	12	4	11	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Garden Acquaintance	4	7	3	3	12	4	11	2	5	3	3	18	4	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Milton	9	7	5	6	1	1	1	1	2	3	2	18	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
Pope	2	4	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	3	2	18	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
Rousseau	2	4	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	3	2	18	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
Spenser	4	4	2	6	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
Thoreau	12	2	2	1	12	2	25	3	3	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Wordsworth	4	2	4	2	3	12	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3

*Macaulay, T. B.*

Life of Johnson	12	38	14	7	17	36	12	21	C.	70	40	58	57	63	45	58	16	25	23	23	34	56	26	19	5	11	11
Essay on Chatham	25	17	9	7	11	20	25	13	51	4	9	10	6	18	10	10	5	7	11	7	7	7	7	7	3	5	3



Wing and Wing

*Dickens*

American Notes  
Barnaby Rudge  
Bleak House  
Child's Hist. of Eng.  
Christmas Books  
David Copperfield  
Dombey and Son  
Great Expectations  
Hard Times  
Little Dorritt  
Martin Chuzzlewit  
Nicholas Nickleby  
Old Curiosity Shop  
Oliver Twist  
Our Mutual Friend  
Pickwick Papers  
Sketches by Boz  
Tale of Two Cities

14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14
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*Eliot, George*

Adam Bede  
Daniel Deronda  
Felix Holt the Radical  
Middlemarch  
Mill on the Floss  
Romola  
Scenes of Clerical Life  
Silas Marner  
Theophrastus Such

12	37	37	47	38	46	37	39	25	29	43	45	45	54	38	30	24	27	26	31	25	25	20	17	20	28	25	24	32	37	29	33		
25	33	28	28	20	25	25	25	11	14	13	22	14	36	24	5	8	11	8	7	7	7	9	7	6	7	5	25	12	16	12	22	17	
25	8	11	3	9	3	7	25	6	6	7	13	7	9	9	8	2	7	4	3	4	1	7	7	2	2	25	10	7	4	6	6		
12	25	13	2	21	10	25	18	50	6	20	20	28	14	27	23	13	6	7	10	11	10	6	2	6	4	9	25	12	16	11	19	15	
25	33	27	53	35	23	37	32	50	17	31	36	41	17	45	24	19	19	18	11	16	29	5	20	18	19	75	37	28	18	59	28		
37	29	35	57	39	20	25	34	50	35	28	47	42	36	36	40	40	29	27	31	19	28	32	12	26	23	9	25	18	21	25			
12	16	1	18	11	8	25	11	9	15	5	2	5	3	4	3	5	3	4	3	3	2	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
37	55	55	50	53	47	37	50	C	94	60	87	95	83	C	r94	51	43	65	49	73	42	52	45	23	45	37	43	75	51	59	62	63	61
8	3	3	2	6	3	2	2	6	3	2	3	1	1	1	2	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1

*Hawthorne*

American Note-books  
Blithedale Romance  
Grandfather's Chair

8	4	14	7	10	12	8	11	14	5	9	3	4	10	7	11	8	7	3	1	1	1	12	5	9	8	5	4	5	4	7	5	
25	16	11	11	13	16	12	13	11	14	5	9	3	4	10	7	11	8	7	3	1	1	19	10	6	11	225	12	10	7	9	9	
50	29	7	22	19	13	12	17	23	26	22	22	3	18	14	16	24	23	21	11	14	20	19	15	23	19	9	20	9	11	13		



Heart of Mid-Lothian

Ivanhoe

Kenilworth

Fair Maid of Perth

Fortunes of Nigel

Guy Rannering

Gay of the Last Minstrel

Lord of the Isles

Lady of the Lake

Marmion

Min. of Scot. Border

Old Mortality

Peveril of the Peak

Quentin Durward

Rob Roy

Bridal of Triermain

Redgauntlet

St. Ronan's Well

The Abbot

The Betrothed

The Monastery

The Pirate

The Talisman

Vision of Don Roderic

Waverley

Woodstock

Stevenson, R. L.

Across the Plains

Amateur Emigrant

An Inland Voyage

Black Arrow

David Balfour

Ebb-tide

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

Study of Men and Books

Footnote to History

37	12	28	14	22	13	50	21	25	11	20	18	18	76	18	27	21	15	15	17	7	42	16	9	10	23	14	10	8	18	26	28	24		
C.	75	76	85	81	70	75	78	75	76	71	91	78	48	82	69	89	80	85	83	73	86	82	87	79	72	79	84	C.	87	80	66	78		
50	37	61	90	62	67	75	63	50	41	51	60	50	17	64	44	65	57	58	58	61	28	12	16	7	11	11	75	62	58	48	61	56		
25	10	30	18	24	3	50	20	11	11	12	10	13	27	13	10	7	10	7	11	19	14	12	16	7	11	11	72	6	14	10	23	18		
12	12	19	3	13	6	37	13	6	11	12	7	38	9	18	21	7	7	9	3	15	14	8	3	15	14	11	7	7	10	15	11	12		
62	37	39	18	35	30	37	34	25	17	31	38	28	31	27	28	32	25	19	26	31	42	27	38	25	34	32	24	25	27	30	29	32	30	
50	45	51	32	44	40	50	44	50	41	34	51	44	10	18	24	42	36	34	37	50	14	37	35	31	34	33	26	50	36	39	32	35		
25	4	9	27	14	6	11	25	23	3	11	15	72	29	8	5	8	5	5	5	7	4	5	9	5	6	7	6	7	4	10	23	11		
75	86	63	71	70	80	75	71	C.	76	C.	75	88	77	54	71	75	72	81	74	81	71	75	65	59	71	65	60	75	66	74	73	69	72	
50	50	57	65	57	53	62	56	C.	62	98	85	91	79	C.	93	67	58	50	59	84	71	59	68	62	66	63	57	55	58	65	55	77	66	
12	11	15	13	12	14	17	6	3	14	6	10	27	14	5	5	5	5	5	5	3	14	5	9	5	3	5	5	5	3	8	13	9		
12	12	17	7	13	10	25	13	25	17	11	16	17	16	16	6	19	9	11	12	19	28	14	12	5	9	9	7	5	12	8	22	14	11	
25	25	31	14	24	27	62	27	25	17	46	34	31	45	36	37	32	27	27	28	15	23	45	18	37	33	12	50	31	29	25	37	30		
37	42	54	11	38	47	50	40	25	23	43	45	34	55	45	44	37	43	42	41	23	42	39	35	25	37	32	30	21	36	39	34	36		
5	3	2	3	12	3	5	25	6	3	5	9	3	4	8	7	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	1	5	1	5	1	4	4	4	4	3	
37	8	23	3	15	10	25	14	17	17	16	12	7	9	9	13	10	7	11	15	11	11	9	7	11	9	7	50	22	12	10	21	14		
12	17	10	13	37	12	6	9	7	5	3	9	6	10	3	5	3	8	7	8	7	14	5	29	10	17	9	9	6	2	7	5	12	8	
50	4	24	3	16	27	37	19	25	11	14	16	17	18	17	8	16	7	11	10	7	14	10	9	12	9	10	5	25	13	10	8	23	14	
25	8	24	3	14	10	25	13	6	14	9	7	10	27	15	16	7	10	11	11	7	14	10	19	10	14	11	9	25	15	15	12	20	16	
12	13	3	17	23	62	20	25	6	20	27	19	20	27	22	27	21	23	23	15	14	21	12	12	23	16	24	11	13	19	20	26	22	22	
50	29	42	32	37	33	62	37	C.	11	43	53	51	52	27	43	43	44	38	43	37	42	42	55	36	47	40	35	50	44	44	39	45	43	
4	9	3	5	37	50	14	35	3	7	11	18	10	10	5	5	7	5	7	5	7	5	5	12	14	9	2	3	7	12	17	12	12		
37	25	35	28	31	43	50	34	25	23	23	44	28	34	64	38	35	32	42	34	23	28	33	25	31	20	25	40	21	29	35	33	32		
37	42	42	28	38	57	75	43	25	23	23	33	26	17	27	13	35	20	23	24	15	14	23	16	15	17	16	7	7	26	24	29	26		
8	11	14	10	13	12	11	6	3	11	5	3	18	9	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	28	3	3	2	3	2	2	2	1	5	5	15	8	
4	5	3	3	3	12	4	6	4	2	4	2	18	6	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	1	3	5	6	7	2	1	2	2	8	4	4	
16	11	7	10	3	12	9	6	6	4	4	4	3	3	2	10	3	7	11	14	8	9	5	5	6	7	2	3	7	5	7	6	6	6	
25	16	17	14	17	23	37	19	23	20	18	35	31	9	18	16	18	27	19	15	14	18	12	15	11	13	16	25	18	16	21	19	19	19	
50	33	28	68	42	33	37	39	25	35	34	32	10	36	29	24	22	46	27	31	14	27	19	15	17	17	14	10	29	22	25	19	19		
25	4	11	68	26	10	12	21	6	6	9	5	3	3	2	6	6	6	6	6	14	5	2	6	2	5	2	3	2	10	5	8	8	8	
75	80	79	90	81	60	50	74	75	71	63	75	71	55	64	63	46	55	65	55	69	42	56	56	57	59	44	75	59	64	57	40	55	55	
5	18	7	6	12	7	3	7	1	3	7	1	1	2	3	2	3	1	3	2	2	2	1	3	2	2	2	2	2	1	1	3	4	4	4
5	14	5	6	12	6	1	4	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	3	6	2	2	2	1	1	3	2	3	3	



Class		SENIOR					JUNIOR					SOPHOMORE					FRESHMAN														
Course	Group	B. A.				Gd Total	B. A.				Gd Total	B. A.				Gd Total	B. A.				Gd Total	T. B. A.	T. C. B.								
		1	2	3	4		1	2	3	4		1	2	3	4		1	2	3	4				1	2	3	4				
Number of Replies		8	24	46	28	106	30	8	145	4	17	35	55	111	29	11	151	7	186	31	39	25	105	42	4	151	469	127	30	626	
Island Nights Enter.		25	8	9	43	19	13	12	17	17	17	13	12	46	24	18	29	4	8	45	38	34	39	31	25	14	9	8	9	9	
Kidnapped		37	55	46	53	50	50	37	49	25	47	60	53	46	24	18	29	48	43	16	20	20	19	31	25	12	54	39	27	46	
Master of Ballantrae		50	29	34	50	38	33	25	36	23	25	46	40	28	31	28	28	13	43	16	20	20	19	31	25	17	29	26	24	26	
Merry Men, etc.		25	12	9	25	18	10	25	41	17	9	20	13	9	8	5	8	14	15	3	5	5	2	2	2	13	6	8	9	9	
New Arabian Nights		62	37	34	53	45	37	25	61	23	31	44	24	28	45	32	32	16	20	32	15	23	23	25	25	16	29	25	31	28	
Picturesque Edinburgh		9	9	3	12	3	12	3	12	6	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	1	46	7	8	2	2	2	2	1	4	1	4	3	7
Poems and Ballads		25	8	13	22	15	13	12	14	6	6	11	10	15	10	10	10	5	7	9	5	9	9	7	12	6	8	9	3	7	
Prince Otto		25	12	23	25	21	16	12	19	29	17	13	15	13	13	13	13	13	6	8	9	10	3	7	5	12	13	12	9	11	
St. Ives		37	42	32	34	23	37	31	41	11	28	26	16	24	18	19	19	17	23	20	25	15	14	18	12	50	26	22	22	23	
The Wrecker		12	21	20	22	23	13	25	20	29	17	22	17	24	18	19	19	19	18	27	19	13	17	12	7	15	18	16	18	17	
The Wrong Box		12	12	13	18	14	13	25	14	29	17	18	16	17	9	10	9	2	34	12	6	10	6	7	5	4	12	10	9	12	
Travels with a Donkey		12	12	9	11	10	6	25	10	75	6	14	11	26	9	9	9	3	3	67	60	7	52	73	57	54	68	54	61	26	54
Treasure Island		75	80	60	61	57	50	25	53	53	65	56	43	64	37	48	48	6	14	54	68	54	60	61	26	62	53	46	52	54	
Vallima Letters		12	12	11	7	3	25	7	3	6	6	7	5	5	5	5	5	2	65	13	12	5	9	9	5	3	9	4	6	6	
Virginibus Puerisque		12	12	13	14	13	16	25	14	17	9	13	9	9	3	2	3	2	6	3	4	3	4	3	3	12	5	9	9	5	7
Weir of Hermiston		12	16	11	11	12	37	11	11	6	7	6	6	2	2	2	2	5	12	19	7	13	3	2	3	2	9	3	9	7	7
Thackeray																															
Adventures of Philip																															
Barry Lyndon																															
Book of Snobs																															
Dennis Duval																															
Eng. Hum. of 18th Cen.																															
Henry Esmond																															
Lovell the Widower																															
Paris Sketch-Book																															
Pendennis																															
Rebecca and Rowena																															
The Four Gospels																															



The Newcomes  
The Virginians  
Vanity Fair

HISTORY

America

Bancroft  
Fiske  
McMaster  
Parkman  
Prescott

England

Froude  
Green  
Macaulay

Europe

Guzot  
Motley

Greece

Grote

Rome

Gibbon  
Merrivale  
Mommsen

POETRY

Arnold

Balder Dead  
Rugby Chapel  
Solrab and Rustum  
Thyrsis  
Tristram and Iseult

12	8	13	28	16	20	12	16	25	23	17	20	21	18	13	13	12	11	12	15	28	13	9	10	9	9	12	10	15	12	15	14		
25	22	24	28	24	27	25	25	50	53	57	60	55	37	36	29	19	17	19	17	23	28	19	9	18	6	11	12	10	27	22	22	23	
37	63	55	50	54	57	50	54	25	41	46	53	41	52	54	49	35	44	42	41	58	42	44	48	31	43	41	35	75	50	44	50	55	49
12	25	20	32	23	43	25	27	11	26	34	18	34	36	29	30	28	31	30	27	86	31	22	23	17	21	14	25	20	23	29	43	32	
37	45	28	32	34	16	12	29	75	23	23	80	35	27	18	27	19	9	19	14	27	42	17	38	31	14	27	30	75	44	27	25	37	29
12	8			3	6		3	6	3	2	3	9	4			6	6		7		3	9	9	9	6	2	2	4	4	2	3		
12	22	11	14	14	6	25	13	75	6	14	11	26	10	9	15	5	3	19	6	3	14	6	9	13	6	9	7	5	14	7	12	11	
12	29	31	36	31	43	25	32	17	43	38	24	27	27	26	27	43	31	37	11	14	33	25	26	17	22	24	50	32	29	26	29	28	
25	22	5	14	12	16		12	11	11	7	7	14	7		7	8	5	11	6	3	14	6	3	2		2	9	4	7	10	3	7	
37	50	13	22	26	20	12	24	50	17	31	29	32	27	27	29	19	16	11	15	7	42	14	19	13	14	15	18	25	29	22	15	26	21
37	45	33	39	38	43	50	39	25	41	26	7	25	24	36	28	13	25	34	24	46	42	27	16	15	20	13	24	75	37	25	34	51	37
12	13	18	13	6			11	6	9	11	7	10	9	9		8	6	3	6	14	5		10	9	6	2		2	8	4	6	6	
12	8	13	11	11	30	25	14	25	17	14	15	18	7	18	14	2	13	7	9	7	14	9	9	5	9	7		2	11	11	14	12	
16	7	18	11	3			9	25	11	9	13	10	9	11		8	8	3	7	3		6	6	18	17	13	5	6	11	5	2	6	
25	45	13	25	24	20	37	24	25	17	20	25	22	17	18	19	8	12	11	11	19	14	12	12	5	20	12	9	25	15	17	16	23	19
12	12	11	11	3			9	50	6	5	27	3	10	6	3	10	6	3	6	3		6	6	2	3	6	1		1	11	2	4	4
16	11	11	11	3	12		9	25	6	3	11	11	3	9	7	16	8	7	10	3		8	6	3	6	2	9	2	9	2	5	5	
12	4			2			1	6	4	2					1	1			1			1	6	2	3	4		1	2			1	
8	5		3	12			3	6	3	9	4				1	2		3	2	7		2	6	2	6	5		1	3	2	3	3	
12	13	7	10				7	25	35	9	19				6	2	5	3	4	7		4	16	2	3	7	225	11	10	2	6	6	
12	12	3	4				3	11	5	4					1	1		3	1			1	6	1	2	2		1	3			1	
12	5	3	5	6			5	11	3	5	5				2	2	2	2	7	3	14	3	6	11	6	5		3	5	3	4	4	

Class		SENIOR				SENIOR				SOPHOMORE				FRESHMEN				Gd Total																								
Course	Group	B. A.				Total	Gd Total	B. A.				Total	Gd Total	B. A.				Total	Gd Total																							
		1	2	3	4			1	2	3	4			1	2	3	4																									
Number of Replies		8	24	46	28	106	30	8	145					37	84	26	147	26	7	180					31	39	35	105	42	4	151	469	127	30	626							
<i>Browning</i>		37	16	2	7	9	63	37	22	50	76	46	38	52	3	18									2	16	2		6	2		2	17	18	9	1						
Andre del Sarto		37	12		7	7	27	12	11	50	76	46	33	51	7	19									2	6	2		2		1	15	9	3	9							
Cavalier Tunes		37	18		4	9	50	25	18	75	71	43	25	53		17								6	9	2		2		2	20	14	6	13								
Evelyn Hope		37	22	2	14	12	23	25	15	45	53	26	32	37	13										3				3		2	13	9	6	9							
Fra Lippo' Lippi		37	22		14	12	23	25	15	45	53	26	32	37	13										3				3		2	13	9	6	9							
Herve Kiel		37	16	7	7	7	25	16	60	25	32	16	18	3		7									8	7	8	7	23	10	34	15	17	16	12	25						
Ghent to Aix		62	29	35	50	40	73	37	46	75	88	66	60	72	145	39									32	31	34	34	15	28	30	45	33	31	36	24	25					
French Camp		50	22	15	7	17	16		16	35	11	29	25	7	9	17									8	9	19	11	3		16	13	11	13	25	14	16	8				
In a Balcony		25	12	2	7	7	23	25	11	50	35	23	31	35	3	12									2	3	3	7	4		9	6	11	13	25	14	16	8				
In a Gondola		25	22	2	7	9	43	25	17	71	43	42	39	10	9	19									2	7	7	6		5	9	5	9	13	14	16	9					
James Lee's Wife		12	8	3	3	6			4	75	11	9	5	25		8									2	3	3	3		4	9	5	3	3	3	3	17					
My Last Duchess		37	8	24	6	18	53	12	25	75	76	52	36	59	19	5									5	5	5	15	6	46	12	2	22	25	3	17						
Pied Piper of Hamelin		62	25	33	7	33	57	37	38	25	59	52	51	47	45	43									40	43	42	42	14	35	42	57	57	52	33	25	36	43				
Pippa Passes		12	25	5	11	11	43	12	18		59	37	38	33	11	2									4	45	2	15	2	50	16	16	12	15	14	14						
Porphyria's Lover		12	8	14	6	6			6	50	17	28	9	26	9	12									1	7	2	3		1	3	5	2	2	1	9	2	2				
Saul		12	25	5	11	11	50	12	19	25	71	63	36	34	3	15									8	6	3	6	3	5	14	8	9	2	3	15	6	5				
The Lost Leader		25	16	5	7	9	27	12	13	50	76	46	31	51	7	17									2	3	15	5	15	6	12	5	6	7	2	3	18	11	3			
The Last Ride Together		25	22	11	14	10	47	25	18	25	76	37	42	45	7	18									10	11	8	7	28	8	22	10	3	13	14	9	19	18	18			
The Ring and the Book		12	29	11	16	14	67	12	22	25	29	31	24	29	7	12									2	5	12	4	7	5	12	10	3	7	5	4	14	16	3			
The Statue and the Bust		12	16	5	18	11	33	12	16	50	76	37	40	51	10	20									3	16	2		6	2	2	17	11	3	10	1	1					
<i>Browning, Mrs.</i>		12	25	7	22	15	13	12	14		11	11	5	10	27	14									16	8	7	10	3	9	3	2	6	3	2	1	8	7	10	8		
Aurora Leigh		37	12	21	1	9	6	12	9		11	6	4	5	3	3									3	9	2		3		1	5	2	3	3	1	5	2	3			
Sonnets, Portuguese																																										
<i>Burns, R.</i>		50	33	28	56	39	40	37	38	25	17	31	31	26	27	9	21								40	27	15	28	31	42	30	35	36	46	39	16	50	35	33	28	34	32
Bannockburn		75	63	45	56	57	43	62	54	50	53	46	40	47	31	36	38								65	62	42	54	42	42	50	65	62	40	56	33	75	58	53	29	54	45
Cottar's Sat'day Night		75	66	46	46	54	53	5	54	25	17	48	49	48	27	36	37								67	46	42	51	50	28	5	68	25	38	53	39	41	44	44	44	44	
For a' that and a' that		75	66	46	46	54	53	5	54	25	17	48	49	48	27	36	37								67	46	42	51	50	28	5	68	25	38	53	39	41	44	44	44	44	

Highland Mary	62	50	39	43	44	27	37	40	25	33	31	18	24	27	18	23	46	33	27	35	37	35	61	33	28	41	26	25	31	36	24	20	27		
John Anderson My Jo	62	42	56	43	50	37	37	46	25	35	43	23	31	24	9	21	46	40	23	38	37	14	38	48	41	26	38	24	25	39	41	21	34		
Heart's in Highlands	50	21	37	39	35	33	37	34	17	28	29	18	20	12	35	24	15	26	19	23	32	23	32	32	23	26	19	50	32	26	22	22	33		
Oh, Red, Red Rose	37	42	38	34	40	25	34	25	35	34	25	29	24	36	29	30	25	19	27	34	14	28	29	28	26	27	21	25	24	29	29	25	28		
Tam O'Shanter	75	66	64	25	58	70	63	58	50	35	46	49	45	37	45	42	67	44	46	50	50	57	51	68	54	51	57	48	75	60	52	51	59	54	
The Banks o' Doon	50	37	23	28	29	27	25	28	17	23	15	16	10	8	30	28	23	28	19	26	25	23	26	25	23	26	25	12	25	21	25	17	12	18	
To Mary in Heaven	50	33	27	18	27	27	12	26	17	9	15	10	10	9	10	38	30	15	31	34	29	55	33	23	37	24	25	29	26	24	11	20			
<i>Byron, Lord</i>																																			
Dest. of Sennacherib	50	33	33	39	36	13	12	30	25	29	43	18	29	20	16	30	13	15	17	15	17	15	17	22	26	11	19	7	25	16	25	14	9	16	
Don Juan	50	37	26	32	32	20	25	29	75	17	26	22	35	20	27	27	13	14	11	13	11	14	16	16	10	23	26	14	75	35	24	21	35	27	
Childie Harold	62	37	50	32	43	20	12	36	75	23	31	49	44	41	27	37	34	42	34	96	71	45	32	23	23	26	14	75	38	37	43	46	42		
Giaour	12	7	18	8	6	25	6	6	13	12	7	6	2	3	7	4	11	5	6	5	3	25	10	7	4	6	6	5	3	25	10	7	4	6	6
Manfred	25	4	5	4	3	4	80	6	5	15	5	2	1	7	2	3	2	6	3	2	6	3	2	6	3	2	6	3	2	6	3	2	6	3	2
Mazeppa	12	4	17	9	10	9	17	11	16	11	3	9	7	5	7	7	6	5	6	6	6	6	30	32	23	26	27	12	75	38	31	21	52	35	
Prisoner of Chillon	62	37	31	43	38	20	50	34	50	17	31	22	30	24	27	27	38	19	37	28	27	57	30	32	23	26	27	12	75	38	31	21	52	35	
<i>Coleridge</i>																																			
Christabel	25	12	2	22	11	10	12	11	11	3	13	7	3	3	2	5	3	2	5	3	11	5	9	13	3	8	2	3	7	7	3	3	6		
Kubla Khan	25	16	7	18	13	6	12	11	11	3	13	7	7	5	8	10	3	9	15	6	16	10	9	12	7	50	23	10	10	15	12	12	12		
Ancient Mariner	75	66	90	68	78	63	50	73	75	53	51	69	62	55	64	60	94	72	85	80	92	177	97	80	94	90	91	75	85	78	75	47	67		
<i>Hood, Thomas</i>																																			
Bridge of Sighs	62	33	28	39	35	10	12	28	25	23	20	18	21	10	36	22	16	8	15	11	31	14	22	13	17	20	7	25	17	22	14	18	21		
Song of the Shirt	37	33	35	25	32	23	25	29	50	47	46	31	43	24	22	43	26	19	29	31	28	38	20	26	28	9	50	29	33	22	19	25			
<i>Keats</i>																																			
Endymion	2	33	17	22	21	23	20	50	17	6	20	23	7	9	13	8	8	11	9	11	14	8	9	5	11	8	7	5	15	12	6	11			
Hyperion	16	20	29	20	30	20	27	11	9	15	10	9	11	8	6	7	6	11	28	8	12	8	9	10	7	6	13	14	9	12	9	12	9		
Ode on a Grecian Urn	50	16	13	7	15	16	12	15	17	9	7	8	10	18	12	7	3	4	7	14	5	12	8	6	9	3	9	8	11	9	8	11	9		
Ode to a Nightingale	25	33	13	28	22	27	37	24	25	23	14	20	20	10	9	13	27	15	11	17	15	14	17	22	10	20	13	9	25	15	12	15	21	16	
St. Agnes Eve	25	22	9	22	16	20	37	18	23	14	16	13	3	9	8	27	6	3	11	8	29	8	9	15	7	14	7	12	11						
<i>Longfellow</i>																																			
Dante Sonnets	16	9	14	11	13	25	12	17	11	7	10	27	14	5	10	3	8	3	14	7	22	5	9	12	5	25	14	9	8	23	13				
Evangeline	C	87	C	93	98	90	C	195	C	92	97	86	C	194	92	81	88	85	85	85	85	85	85	85	85	85	85	85	85	85	85	85	85	85	
Golden Legend	37	25	11	32	22	20	25	21	25	17	11	16	17	17	27	20	16	9	7	11	11	14	11	16	13	11	13	16	9	16	16	17	16		





Class	SENIOR										JUNIOR										SOPHOMORE										FRESHMAN									
	B. A.					G'd Total	B. A.					G'd Total	B. A.					G'd Total	B. A.					G'd Total	B. A.					G'd Total	B. A.					G'd Total				
	1	2	3	4	Total		1	2	3	4	Total		1	2	3	4	Total		1	2	3	4	Total		1	2	3	4	Total		1	2	3	4	Total					
Course	G'd Total										G'd Total										G'd Total										G'd Total									
Group	1	2	3	4	Total	1	2	3	4	Total	1	2	3	4	Total	1	2	3	4	Total	1	2	3	4	Total	1	2	3	4	Total	1	2	3	4	Total					
Number of Replies	8	24	46	28	106	30	8	145	37	84	26	147	26	7	180	31	39	35	105	42	4	151	469	127	30	626	G'd Total	T.B.S.	T.B.A.	T.C.M.	G'd Total									
Midsam.Night's Dream	87	85	54	77	76	87	77	50	82	77	86	76	C.	C.	92	46	63	61	58	54	57	56	55	51	48	51	53	50	51	65	71	73	69	66						
Ado About Nothing	37	34	56	47	52	57	50	54	30	64	60	65	62	59	54	62	71	85	72	61	42	66	38	36	40	38	42	35	35	54	55	49	53							
Othello	62	42	44	53	49	57	50	50	53	60	64	57	90	C.	82	73	69	73	71	C.	86	74	48	41	43	47	66	55	82	78	72	19								
Richard 2nd	25	21	9	11	13	37	12	18	50	53	48	29	45	31	18	31	21	6	11	11	11	14	22	12	15	20	15	24	25	21	28	32	16	25						
Richard 3rd	37	25	17	14	20	40	12	23	C.	82	54	51	72	41	27	46	24	22	27	24	15	67	55	67	51	57	53	C.	70	67	64	83	71							
Romeo and Juliet	75	75	80	73	77	63	62	73	50	88	43	87	67	72	C.	79	59	74	65	68	77	71	67	48	38	31	39	49	50	46	46	42	53	47						
Taming of the Shrew	12	46	65	54	53	37	62	50	53	51	56	53	41	45	49	46	37	34	39	42	57	40	42	41	37	40	21	25	28	43	35	46	41							
Tempest	50	42	45	29	41	40	12	58	38	50	64	63	47	56	45	91	64	57	38	31	35	23	57	40	22	18	14	18	9	25	17	21	15	17	18					
Timon of Athens	12	16	20	18	18	20	17	50	29	31	23	33	20	27	26	24	12	23	18	11	14	16	12	13	9	14	25	13	17	15	17	16								
Troilus and Cressida	12	15	18	14	20	25	16	50	11	11	25	24	31	18	24	24	12	23	18	11	14	16	12	13	9	14	25	13	17	15	17	16								
Twelfth Night	50	37	28	29	32	50	12	34	50	35	17	51	38	45	64	49	27	30	34	30	34	28	30	19	33	17	23	19	50	31	31	37	38	35						
2 Gentlemen of Verona	37	25	33	32	31	40	50	33	50	35	37	44	41	45	42	42	30	27	31	28	37	57	30	25	31	26	27	24	50	34	32	37	51	40						
Winter's Tale	37	25	33	32	31	30	37	31	C.	71	74	65	77	41	54	57	32	26	46	32	23	14	28	25	20	17	21	19	25	22	40	28	38	35						
Sonnets	50	50	37	65	48	60	37	50	50	29	34	45	39	41	45	42	38	32	37	35	15	14	30	29	20	23	24	19	25	23	36	34	30	33						
Shelley																																								
Adonais	25	29	11	14	17	16	25	17	25	6	3	13	16	7	18	14	2	7	2	3			3	9	2	11	7													
Indian Serenade	50	4	5	3	7			5	6	3	4	3	7			3	8	2	2	2			13	6	3	2	2													
Ode to the West Wind	37	16	9	25	17	3		13	6	11	9	5	14	9		9	8	9	11	9	31		1	3	6	9	5	7												
Love's Philosophy	37	8	5	3				6	6			5				3	2	3	1				1	3																
Prometheus Unbound	25	29	15	25	22	20	37	22	25	27	13	7	9		10	10	10	11	11	27	28	14	6	5	17	9	2													
The Cent	8	2	3		3			6	4	2	7	9	6																											
The Sensitive Plant	12	22	7	11	11	6	12	10	25	6	3	4	9	3		4	8	5	3	5			5	1	9	3	4	2												
To a Skylark	37	42	15	29	26	30	37	27	17	26	20	16	20	9	15	42	15	19	23	11			21	19	13	14	15	7												
To Night	50	12	7	18	14	13	25	14	11	9	11	8	10	9	9		8	6	15	8	7		8	9	5	6	7													
Swinburne																																								
Atlanta in Calydon	4	2			2			1					7	2		1	1	3	1	14		2	3			3	2													

Swinburne

Atlanta in Calydon

Tennyson

# Tennyson

## Ballad of Oriana

Becket

Break, Break, Break

Charge of Light Brigade

Crossing the Bar

Dream of Fair Women

Idylls of the King

In Memoriam

Locksley Hall

Lady of Shalott

Lotus Eaters

Maud

Oenone

Palace of Art

The Day Dream

The May Queen

The Princess

St. Simeon Stylites

Tithonus

Ulysses

# Whittier

Barbara Fritchie

Barefoot Boy

Ichabod

Maud Muller

Snowbound

Skipper Ireson's Ride

# Wordsworth

Daffodils

Immortality

Lacy Gray

Michael

Ode to duty

Prelude

62	21	9	18	18	10	12	16	17	6	15	9	7	9	8	5	1	3	2	3	3	6	5	5	6	5	3	9	6	5	7	
12	16	7	29	15	10	12	13	25	6	23	13	7	6	2	5	7	73	62	54	42	87	48	54	46	49	40	46	12	5	9	
75	86	73	61	73	63	50	69	75	71	34	56	59	41	18	39	67	57	73	62	54	42	87	48	54	46	49	40	46	12	5	
57	86	87	92	91	83	75	87	75	88	40	91	73	82	73	76	86	93	96	92	84	93	93	75	80	83	76	88	85	66	87	
75	54	43	47	49	40	37	46	75	76	40	56	62	24	45	44	49	46	46	47	42	42	45	55	36	28	39	26	22	49	33	
62	46	37	47	43	23	50	39	75	82	37	49	61	20	9	30	21	20	7	18	19	14	18	25	13	20	19	14	25	19	35	
62	75	48	57	50	43	37	47	75	76	34	65	62	31	36	43	60	42	46	47	46	28	45	48	36	37	40	38	50	52	39	
62	71	57	54	61	43	37	55	75	76	28	67	61	24	27	37	62	53	51	54	34	57	52	32	44	33	36	26	25	29	53	
35	44	47	45	43	37	44	75	76	46	55	68	20	18	35	32	29	19	28	19	28	27	25	36	26	29	12	25	22	42	23	
87	58	59	57	52	47	50	46	75	64	40	45	56	7	18	37	32	19	27	25	11	21	22	20	17	19	5	25	16	32	12	
62	50	28	29	36	13	37	32	75	59	31	43	52	7	19	24	20	15	20	23	24	19	23	22	19	18	20	20	12	7	37	
50	50	24	22	31	27	25	29	75	82	68	51	74	17	9	33	30	23	30	23	24	19	23	22	19	18	20	20	12	7	37	
75	29	15	22	24	6	25	20	50	47	28	27	38	3	13	10	5	3	6	3	6	3	6	19	5	9	11	2	3	40	2	
50	33	15	11	21	16	12	20	50	47	28	27	38	3	13	10	5	3	6	3	6	3	6	19	5	9	11	2	3	40	2	
37	37	11	25	22	16	12	20	50	47	23	27	38	3	13	10	5	3	6	3	6	3	6	19	5	9	11	2	3	40	2	
62	46	45	22	40	30	25	37	53	46	36	34	17	18	23	49	29	27	33	23	30	19	20	26	22	14	12	32	21	11	21	
62	46	37	25	38	37	50	38	75	71	60	58	47	27	36	37	70	81	77	77	69	42	73	51	44	43	48	45	50	47	52	
25	29	11	18	18	3	12	14	17	9	11	9	3	4	2	2	2	3	1	3	2	2	6	6	4	2	6	4	8	2	3	4
50	16	9	3	12	9	11	9	13	8	3	4	2	2	2	2	2	2	3	2	2	3	9	2	3	5	1	7	2	1	7	2
50	29	7	3	14	16	12	14	17	11	25	13	24	27	21	2	2	5	23	7	23	10	12	10	11	11	12	7	11	19	10	
75	87	75	88	77	87	85	25	76	43	67	53	76	73	67	75	69	77	72	69	42	66	71	82	63	72	55	50	59	71	69	
50	58	57	61	58	43	62	55	75	76	40	56	63	48	45	52	65	53	65	59	54	57	56	32	64	57	51	41	50	47	58	
37	33	31	54	38	37	50	38	35	63	18	62	45	42	21	34	15	28	23	14	27	22	18	26	22	24	15	26	37	27	30	
62	79	70	68	72	60	62	68	C.	71	68	58	74	55	45	58	67	66	73	67	61	58	62	65	56	60	60	48	50	52	68	
50	25	25	61	54	43	50	50	71	77	67	54	52	64	57	73	55	65	61	58	57	59	61	64	63	63	50	50	54	58	57	
25	25	23	54	39	16	50	34	25	41	23	18	27	20	18	21	38	24	31	28	27	27	32	28	43	34	28	25	29	32	23	
50	16	13	18	18	10	15	23	6	9	9	10	9	9	8	9	7	9	7	9	7	8	19	5	20	15	5	6	13	8	2	8
37	29	15	18	21	10	17	25	23	6	7	15	10	9	11	21	6	3	9	7	9	9	12	8	17	12	5	5	14	8	2	8
62	25	28	22	31	10	12	25	23	6	5	8	20	27	18	16	13	15	14	12	12	10	17	13	10	7	16	1	10	10	12	12
25	12	7	11	10	10	7	11	2	2	3	2	3	2	5	3	2	3	2	7	3	2	3	9	10	9	9	2	4	10	7	8
37	21	11	11	12	20	13	17	9	6	10	27	14	2	2	1	3	2	2	1	3	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	1	4	4



Class	SENIOR										JUNIOR										SOPHOMORE										FRESHMAN									
	B. A.					Gd Total	B. A.					Gd Total	B. A.					Gd Total	B. A.					Gd Total	B. A.					Gd Total	B. A.					Gd Total				
	1 2 3 4				Total		1 2 3 4				Total		1 2 3 4				Total		1 2 3 4				Total		1 2 3 4				Total		1 2 3 4				Total					
	1	2	3	4			1	2	3	4			1	2	3	4			1	2	3	4			1	2	3	4			1	2	3	4			1	2	3	4
Course	8	24	46	28	106	30	8	145	4	17	35	55	111	29	11	151	37	84	26	147	26	7	180	31	39	35	105	42	4	151	469	127	30	626						
Group	12	4	5	25	10			7	11	3	2	4	7	4																										
Number of Replies	37	4	5	25	13	6		11	25	6	11	13	3	5																										
	50	25	11	36	23	20	25	22	11	20	18	12	10	18	13																									
	50	16	11	14	16	12	16	12	11	9	11	8	14	9	10																									
	37	4	17	22	15	13	12	14																																
	12	21	20	29	22	27	37	23	6	29	9	28	36	21																										
	12	7	7	5	3	12	5																																	
	16	17	11	14	16	25	11	17	13	14	9	13	8	14	23	14	11	42	15																					
	12	21	22	24	20	37	24	25	6	28	40	25	32	13	21	23	20	27	21																					
	50	58	63	57	70	50	62	71	75	51	65	59	58	64	60	43	53	37	48	61	71	51																		
	37	4	17	22	15	13	12	14																																
TRAVELS																																								
Nansen	12	21	20	29	22	27	37	23	6	29	9	28	36	21																										
Hayes	12	7	7	5	3	12	5																																	
Greeley	16	17	11	14	16	25	11	17	13	14	9	13	8	14	23	14	11	42	15																					
Peary	12	21	22	24	20	37	24	25	6	28	40	25	32	13	21	23	20	27	21																					
Stanley	50	58	63	57	70	50	62	71	75	51	65	59	58	64	60	43	53	37	48	61	71	51																		
Captain Cook	37	4	17	22	15	13	12	14																																
MISCELLANEOUS																																								
Bunyan's Pil. Progress	50	83	93		83	93	C.	87	50	94	86	85	79	C.	93	86	80	81	82	81	77																			
Dante's Divina Comedia	25	29	23	11	21	13	25	19	17	9	17	11	20	9	13	21	7	11	11	3	14	11																		
Descent of Man	12	16	7	14	11	20	12	13	25	17	14	25	20	24	18	21	8	12	15	11	15																			
Robinson Crusoe	87	87	95	97	94	97	C.	76	C.	94	92	72	C.	91	87	74	98	84	92	C.	87																			
Dumas' Musketeers	62	54	81	70	97	97	C.	76	50	71	80	85	72	C.	91	87	35	67	77	60	61	60																		
Count of Monte Christo	25	46	37	61	45	73	62	51	50	35	63	64	53	69	73	65	32	39	50	40	50	71	42																	
Goethe's Faust	50	37	44	22	36	53	37	40	50	17	28	44	37	28	54	39	30	13	27	20	11	17																		
Deserted Village	75	50	47	52	63	50		54	59	29	48	47	43	62	73	59	73	39	11	52	61	42	53																	
Vicar of Wakefield	50	58	65	61	67	62		68	C.	47	60	65	68	82	91	80	97	95	85	92	92	94																		
Gray's Elegy	C.	75	79	75	91	57	75	89	50	71	71	72	66	52	82	66	73	57	46	59	55	67	66																	
Les Misérables	-	25	46	51	22	58	76	50	61	75	53	48	56	58	55	54	56	13	42	42	35	77	57	46																
Gulliver's Travels	75	63	81	86	77	77	97	C.	82	75	64	77	80	74	97	C.	90	76	65	65	68	73	86	74																

## EDITORIAL.

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### The New Board.

The following men have been elected editors of THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE for the ensuing year:—RALPH P. SWOFFORD, Mo., Managing Editor; LATTA GRISWOLD, N. J.; RALPH S. THOMPSON, N. Y.; ARTHUR H. ADAMS, N. J.; HOWARD R. OMWAKE, Pa.; JACK R. CRAWFORD, N. Y.; PAUL MITCHELL, Ky.; CARL S. LAWTON, Mo., Business Manager.

### The Past Year.

Our endeavours since we took up the editorial duties have all been directed towards increasing the prestige of the LIT. among the undergraduates and the collegiate world. For this reason, we published the Story-Tellers' Number, the Alumni Number and finally the Census Number. The LIT. has always ranked very high in the scale of college publications but the experience of the past year has shown that it has fallen far short of its reasonable possibilities. It was very discouraging to learn how few regular contributors the previous boards had and our first problem was whether it was our duty to write the majority of the articles ourselves or to encourage others to write. We have not regretted our choice of the latter and there is a satisfaction in knowing that our Board received contributions from three times as many students as ever contributed to any recent Board. The number of articles of especial merit has not been greater than usual, but the increase in the articles of fair publishable worth has been remarkable. All four classes have been regular contributors and the results of this larger circle of writers while not so apparent now, will be felt more and more each year. The period of candidacy has been lengthened from one to three years and the longer period of training will raise the average standard. And although Princeton may not turn out writers of more merit than heretofore it will certainly produce a larger number of them. We have desired to criticise fairly and honestly every article contributed and in many cases subjects and outlines have been suggested. The great amount of time and labour required to keep in this close touch with such a large number of candidates has prevented the editors from writing many articles themselves. Perhaps we have allowed ourselves to become too much engrossed in the details of our editorial duties—at least it was not the lack of subjects but of time that has curtailed our own contributions. In his own department, the editor has had many editorials outlined and partially written which he regrets cannot be published. The work on the Census prevented him from discussing the three classes of readers that Dugald Stewart suggests: "those who read to pass an idle hour, or to please themselves with the idea of employment, while their indolence prevents them from any active exertion; those who read with a view to the display which they are afterwards to make of their literary

acquisitions; and finally those who read to seize the spirit and scope of the author's reasoning, to examine how far he has made any additions to the stock of useful and solid knowledge"—to which might be added a class who read for the art of the book. These thoughts would have led to some remarks on Random Reading and its deception in which the reader imagines he is doing something when he is not.

In the four years of college life and the experience of one year as editor, there have arisen suggestions of help and significance concerning rather trite subjects such as College Friendship, Slang, Criticism, College Profanity, Humour, etc., for which the Editorials of the LIT. seemed the proper place of expression. Perhaps the most regret is felt over his silence concerning "College Activities." That is, a student is very apt to accept membership in all Boards and Committees that are offered to him so that the management of the various college activities which, though not included in the curriculum, are yet essential to our undergraduate life, are concentrated in the hands of a few men. These few have too many demands on their time to do any one thing as well as it ought to be done and the organisations suffer accordingly. This situation arises from two causes: the willingness of the few to be overworked and their reluctance to specialise in Committees, etc., as they do in studies, and the self-depreciation of the others. The University would be a more efficient unit and would produce a larger number of capable men, if each student would limit strictly the outside demands on his time. A man's reputation counts for too much. The capable, yet non-active men must overcome their modesty or laziness and the presumption of the incapable must be squelched.

The editor should have liked to discuss the advisability of each student keeping a journal. Such journals will become valuable as historical documents, not for the writer's personality alone, but because they are the record of the life of Princeton men during the close of the Nineteenth Century. No literature is more entertaining to a Princetonian than the few fragments of journals which are now published or quoted concerning the early life of our college. The keeping of such a journal helps a man to observe the essentials of life around him for he soon finds that he cannot write down everything and must select the most important elements. And lastly, the habit of writing daily upon commonplace topics gives the writer a style and ease of expression, unattainable by spasmodic attacks of authorship.

**The Coming** We desire to thank all those who have contributed and helped us in other ways during our administration, and to extend to the New Board our best wishes for a happy, progressive year of what can be delightful work. We shall not feel discouraged

over our shortcomings and failures if they profit by them.

—James Hugh Moffatt.

## GOSSIP.

## A RETROSPECT.

It was on a sunny Sunday afternoon in April. A Senior half sat half reclined upon his window-seat, lazy, contented, the picture of mental and physical satisfaction. A volume of Tennyson lay loosely in his hands, so loosely indeed that it was in constant and imminent danger of slipping from the relaxed fingers of the idle youth, who gazed abstractedly out of the open window upon the familiar dull-colored gravel that stretches away from old Reunion Hall, and merges with the green of the front campus. Who has not felt the charm of a Sunday afternoon in spring time? An inexpressible stillness, a most genial warmth, a monotonous humming of insects, an occasional "Hello" in front of West, ringing out in the Sabbath quiet with a wonderful sharpness, that dies away and leaves the air more absolutely peaceful by very contrast, the broad green grass sward, and over all the mellowing light of the westerning sun. The book fell with a crash from the hands of the Senior into the eaves that border the top floor rooms. Ruefully turning over the crumpled and somewhat soiled pages, the Senior began wandering through the thoughtful stanzas of *In Memoriam*. Suddenly he paused, and dreaminess passed for a moment into focused attention. He read the following:

I passed beside the reverend walls,  
 In which of old I wore the gown;  
 I roved at random through the town  
 And heard the tumult of the halls.  
 And heard once more in college fauces  
 The storm their high-built organs make  
 And thunder music, rolling, shake  
 The prophets blazon'd on the panes.

The Senior looked across at the homely yellow walls of North, and fell to thinking of the days when those familiar stones should rise before his mental vision, and he should say, "I hear a wind of memory murmuring the past." He began to read between the beautiful lines of the verses above somewhat in this wise: "April all but gone, a few weeks of May, examinations, Senior vacation, commencement, then the world and the dull years. May it be often that we as graduates 'pass beside the reverend walls, in which of old we wore the gown.'" The sun glinting the brazen hands of Old North's clock awakened the Senior from his reverie. A distant bell from the Seminary broke the stillness. It was a quar-

ter of an hour before vesper service, and straggling couples were already strolling comfortably along toward chapel. The Senior, being in thoughtful mood, decided to indulge himself in a favorite habit. Descending the long stairs he paused a moment on those familiar colloquial South Reunion steps, and then struck across the quadrangle and up the walk to Marquand. What a familiar scene! The chapel steps, full in the western sunlight, dotted with the usual dozen or score of early comers, hanging about with a curious idleness. The Senior did not pause on the steps, but passed directly into the interior. The change from the bright glare to the softened richness that floods through the stained glass windows was very pleasant. The Senior sat down in the pews, and felt a strange reverent sensation. The great coloured windows seemed to shut out the world. In the subdued light around the sides of the church and back among the columns of the apse twinkled the little gas-jets, which readily become candles under the influence of the imagination. A great radiant stream fell into the center of the church, glorifying the figures on the windows, the "prophets blazon'd on the panes." Then the peals of the organ, "thunder-music," rolled and stormed through the building. A couple of Freshmen wandered aimlessly down the aisle, and took their seats. A professor and his wife entered the stalls. The Senior's thought having taken flight into the future under the influence of a verse of poetry, suddenly wheeled about into the past under the spell of familiar surroundings and reminiscent sounds. Many an old memory springs up in chapel. The Senior looked across the seats to the southern side where as a Freshman he had sat. What a crowding of past impressions! He remembered the old days, how primly the Freshmen sat in their places, anon glancing across at the confident faces of their friends the Sophomores, then turning to the Juniors with a vast deference in their youthful countenances. And as for the Seniors, what an immeasurable dignity they seemed to possess, what an eternity the time between them. The lone Senior smiled a strange smile. Could it be possible that he was a SENIOR? He did not feel at all dignified or wise,—only Sophomores can experience that sublime sensation. The quips and turns of memory are often strange. The Senior did not know how it entered his head, but a vision of a lecture-room came up in his mind, and "these'ns and those'ns" began aringing in his ears. What a stamping and a howling in that old room. After the roll was taken what a fondness the fellows seemed to have for the seats on the extreme sides of the room. What sundry restless movements as the lecture progressed, what furtive glances toward the lecturer, what peculiar rustling sounds as of clothes brushing hastily against a railing, then a gentle foot-fall down the passageway, and a few seconds later, "Hello Botany" under the window. What a commendable scientific spirit we showed those days. And oh! those five o'clock lectures in Physics, where the experiments never just materialized, and everyone said "unprepared." The Senior continued smiling

to himself as a hundred such scenes passed with kaleidoscope effect before him. Suddenly mingled with the peals of the organ rang out the bell on Old North. The crowd on the steps thickened, a hum of conversation relieved the quiet, the chapel began to fill. The tolling began and the fellows passed into the vestibule, each peering eagerly into the interior in the hopes that some unconscious benefactor in the shape of a Seminole or town matron was esconced in his seat. The bell ceased tolling, and the crowd in the vestibule came swinging down the aisle. Here they are—the Seniors. A moment before our Senior had been thinking of them as Freshmen and underclassmen. Good gracious, what a change! He had not quite realised till that moment the truth of all this hackneyed talk about the developing tendencies of college life. As his classmates hurried down the aisle, he noticed a marvelous change first in their external appearance, and then by natural reflection in their altered characters. Look at that fellow just taking his seat. What an insignificant, unpromising specimen he was in Freshman year. Now there is air of maturity and confidence based upon the knowledge that he has attained an eminence in our college world. And that man over there, who a couple years ago would have been ashamed to confess it, has taken to working, and pulled himself up into the honor list. There's one of the most prominent athletes in college, who showed no promise whatever as a first year man. Here's a man active in Hall and a big debater, but disdained the thought of work as an underclassman. And so forth and so on. Take these men in their general points of view. There is scarcely an exception to the rule that a wonderful broadening out and accretion of level headedness have taken place. Even Friend Sportner, though you can still rub him the right way by alluding to his capacity for drinks, no longer lives solely and singly for the purpose of acquiring the reputation of being the biggest tank in college. In nine cases out of ten he'll tell you that a man is an ass to get beastly drunk unless something very special is "doing," and as for regular drinking he is not nearly so enamoured of it as in his Sophomore days. Certain it is that if one thinks a little of this change, he will have more respect for human nature than he ordinarily possesses.

So mused the Senior through the service, hearing very little of the sermon, but enjoying mightily the singing of "Ein Feste Burg." He said to himself that it would be one of his strongest impressions in after days, the great body of men, the beautiful windows, the mellow light, and the strong, rich volume of sound from a thousand male voices.

Passing out of chapel at the close of the service he hailed the Gossip with, "Written your farewell paper yet? I'll give you an idea," and he related the afternoon's excursion of his thought. "I've been thinking of the same thing myself," returned the Gossip. "Suppose all of us Seniors are realising how splendidly 1900 has turned out."

—Herbert H. Moore.

## BOOK TALK.

"A bound volume has a charm in my eyes similar to that scraps of manuscript possess for the good Mussulman. He imagines that those wind-wafted records are perhaps hallowed by some sacred verse; and I, that every new book or antique one may contain the 'Open Sesame!'—the spell to disclose treasures hidden in some unsuspected cave of truth."

Hawthorne: "Mosses from an Old Manse."

*Robert Louis Stevenson.* By L. Cope Cornford. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

The canonization of Stevenson hardly waited for his death, and on that sad and sudden happening was consummated without delay. No sooner had the news reached England from the far-off island of the South Seas, than Andrew Lang was proclaiming him third among all English novelists. The splendid array of critics who had been his close friends, Edmund Gosse, W. E. Henley, Sidney Colvin, joined in the imposing chorus. Six months later, Prof. Baldwin of Yale wrote in the preface to his "Specimens of Prose Description:" "In looking over the first draft of his introduction, the editor found that a preponderating number of citations had been involuntarily drawn from one author. Though he was moved to restore equilibrium, the editor would not neglect to acknowledge his obligation to Robert Louis Stevenson." All who had not already been introduced to Jim Hawkins, Allan Breck, Davie Balfour, the Master and their *confrères*, flocked straightway to the stalls to buy his books. The children, in whose garden he had wandered with a song, learned to love him. The eternal Boy in men leapt with delight at a new found friend. The critics praised. And everybody was carried off his feet by the attractive and almost heroic personality of the author who prelevered so bravely with his pen while the least light lingered in his brain.

Naturally a reaction came, and the first jarring note was sounded with force by Mr. John Jay Chapman, in an essay which has become almost famous. Like all reactions this one went too far, but it caused a controversy which will, sooner or later, strike the proper balance, and it has saved Mr. Cornford from the fond fault of biographers—a doting on the name that fills their pages. He freely admits that Stevenson's verse is not of the greatest; "a good subject, a delightful manner, but lacking, save in rare flashes here and there, the last indefinable touch which is poetry." He readily ranks him as a romantic below Dickens, Scott, Dumas and Thackeray (the "Esmond" Thackeray, of course) because "his field of operations is more narrowly circumscribed than theirs."



He has observed the dual of fortunes to the exclusion of the dual of the sexes. He is, in general, only "a master of romantic pictorial episode." Even in the matter of style, that impregnable bulwark of all Stevensonians, Mr. Cornford has some misgivings. He does not believe that imitation is the only road to its acquisition; and he fears that the "superfluity of beautiful vesture" impedes the movement of pure narrative.

It is scarcely fair or correct, however, to speak of Mr. Cornford as the *biographer* of Stevenson, employing that word in its ordinary significance. He has very wisely and generously contented himself with a brief survey of his life, and, in view of Mr. Colvin's forthcoming authorized work, has refrained from making use of any incidents in Stevenson's career, not already public property. Rather quixotically, The Talker thinks, he has even turned his back upon the vast store of material and suggestion contained in the recently published "Letters." It is more fitting, therefore, to adopt a term which is currently popular, and denominate this book a "Study." For a study, indeed, it is. A wide acquaintance with all of Stevenson's writings, from "The Pentland Rising" to the lamented "Weir," an acquaintance which does not lose in intension because of extension; and an abundance of illustration, always apt and always establishing the purposed point upon a firm basis of induction—these characterise every chapter. Moreover, little gems of criticism, scattered along like *obiter dicta* in a judge's decision, enliven the discussion and make even footnotes entertaining. These considerations make it the more regrettable that Mr. Cornford falls somewhat short in analysis. In one chapter, to be sure, "His Ancestry," he attempts it with a vengeance, and works out a scheme founded on the inheritance of acquired characters with a success which would charm Mr. Spencer, but which makes the rest of us slyly suspicious. He gives one the impression of having drawn up a neat table of the qualities which Stevenson possessed, and then of finding some great-grandfather upon whom he can paste the label: "Scottish tradition of letters," "free-living," "theology," "inventive faculty," "romantic bias," "insight into character," or "delight in words for their own sake." We are so glad that he left our Louis le bien-aimé with two whole original traits: a sickly body and an irregular life.

If we make the single exception of this chapter, clearness of analysis is obscured in part by an evident haziness of thought, in part by the resultant haziness of expression. To step out of Matthew Arnold's lucid pages into these, is like turning from the king's highway or the great north road into a tangled wilderness of furze. Mr. Cornford would seem to have caught from Stevenson the vice of over-elaboration without the redeeming virtues of prose rhythm and musical charm. Prepositional phrases are hooked on at the end of sentences in a fashion as provoking and incongruous as would be the appearance of gargoyles on a Grecian temple. And yet, to give the author his due, The Talker ought not to for-

get to quote such a beautiful collocation as "the years, stealing on with muffled footsteps and blinding fingers, still conspire to veil from us the country of desire."

In completing the enumeration of defects—always the easiest, though often the most ungrateful task of the critic—there must be added to the muddy style and analysis a frequent lack of generalisation. The chapters entitled "The Limner of Landscape" and "His Style" are mere conglomerations of quotations which scarcely prove more than that Stevenson could limn landscape, and write a remarkable style—and who did not know that already? We would have given greater thanks to Mr. Cornford if he had derived from them in what consisted Stevenson's peculiar use of "the inheritance bequeathed by Wordsworth," or an answer to Mr. Chapman's cavilings at a style that "played the sedulous ape." The praise bestowed on "Will o' the Mill" and the flight of the Princess in "Prince Otto" is out of all proportion. And throughout the book there is nothing (the author himself acknowledges) so pointed and so true, so pithy and so wise as the last lines of Henley's sonnet on his friend:

"Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist,  
A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,  
Much Antony, of Hamlet most of all,  
And something of the Shorter Catechist."

*Resurrection.* By Leo Tolstoy. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

"Every great poet is a teacher," said Wordsworth. "Every great novelist is a preacher," Count Tolstoy seems to say to us as we turn the pages of this life-freighted book. The Russian Government evidently opines that at least one great novelist in the world is a *preacher*, for we are informed by the publishers that, while the English edition is unquestionably identical with the original manuscript, the Russian copy is very materially emasculated and stripped of a score of passages that most indelibly are depictive of modern Slavish life. Officialdom is seemingly fearful lest a germ of self consciousness spring up in the heart of its thought-hampered society.

The "Resurrection" is one more blow to Naturalism, as Mr. Mabie has pointed out. Fiction, whose watchword is art for art's sake, must soon be but a dim remembrance. The realist in his endeavor to portray life as it is, must inevitably find sympathy rising as the predominant motive power that controls his pen. His heart must enter into his work, even though he strive to be a mental machine, and see things with the coldly impartial eye of the scientist. Zola, even, mingles a strong bias one way or the other in his novels, and as for Tolstoy, he is a *preacher*. He is the "great optimist," says Mr. Henley, and while dotting his immense canvases with startlingly vivid pictures of external life, colours the whole with a great love and faith in the possibilities of human nature, and boundless recognition of the divinity of man's soul. "It is impossi-

ble to write," the great Russian said in a conversation with a newspaper man, "without drawing a line between good and evil. Unless one is a passive photographer in literature, one must, while writing, keep in mind what ought to be, and not merely that which is." The last is a very striking sentence, and embodies the keynote of Tolstoy's teaching and his art. It is Idealism as the mainspring and vitalising element in Realism, and it is the true Realism. But is it art? Count Tolstoy says, "It is incumbent upon the writer to communicate to the reader his *profoundest faith*." But must he then mount upon a pulpit and preach—preach excessively and to the disregard of the structural requirements and the aims of the art of prose fiction? This is certainly the kernel of discussion. One whose mind is trained to anticipate and await the natural turns of the perfect novel is sure to be rubbed the wrong way. One involuntarily shrugs his shoulders upon turning to the title page and reading there, "Resurrection—A Novel." Is it a novel? Perhaps one might designate it thus, according to the Russian sense. As Mr. Peck has observed very keenly, such a work is the inevitable outcome of the terrible restriction placed upon Slavish society, the awful conditions which tie the tongue of the Russian, that forbid his giving utterance to the thoughts that struggle in his breast. When the floodgates are opened and the pent up thought flows forth, finding expression in the words of of a master, the result is a vast subjectivity, a reverberating seriousness, an intense analysis. It is the returning swing of the pendulum from a scientific fiction. As Flaubert said of Madame Bovary, "I hate what I am describing." Tolstoy says, "I love my fellowmen, and am bound to feel responsible for their condition." Zola said, "Art is nature seen through a temperament." And what a tremendous temperament is Tolstoy's! What matters it if plot and theme are at loggerheads; what difference does it make if the characters are but types, puppets twisted and pulled and thrust whithersoever the lesson of the preacher would place them. What though the unity and harmony of parts that characterise the perfect novel are lacking? Despite it all there runs through the pages of the "Resurrection" a deep, clear echo of life, a wonderfully truthful, sincere picture of things as they are, a full-toned note wherein are blended the cry of suffering humanity, the pitiless sneer of hypocritical society, the flinty-hearted narrowness of sham justice, and anon the solemn surging under-melody of faith and truth and personal responsibility. Who shall say that such a work will not last, that truth and sincerity are not *the* tests which make a great work of fiction impervious to the scythe of Time?

In talking of the "Resurrection," one is tempted to neglect specific treatment of the book. Conscious of its defective structure, its ill-balance of parts, we turn involuntarily to general impressions, and straightway conceive an intense admiration for the reality, the profound vitality, the wonderful sincerity which place the stamp of life upon its pages. The plot, if such there is, which the author has employed to

bring forward his great life lessons, is briefly as follows: Nekhlúdoſſ, a young nobleman, and Katusha, a peasant girl, are the hero and heroine of the story. At the beginning both are pure. The hero, upon contact with the world loses faith in himself, lives for the "ego," and meeting Katusha three years later betrays her—a very ordinary and uneventful occurrence, the author assures us. Nekhlúdoſſ feels a passing shame, thrusts a hundred ruble note into the hands of his victim, and passes out of her life utterly forgetful of the wrong he has done. Then the girl goes down—down—down through the various stages of degradation. Here the psychological study is remarkable, told with a wonderful conciseness, yet marvellously impressive and true to life. This is the introduction to the novel so-called. The real plot begins with the court-room scene, where ten years after the betrayal, Nekhlúdoſſ sits in the jury in judgment against Katusha, who is tried for the crime of poisoning her paramour. The turning point occurs soon after. Nekhlúdoſſ's soul suddenly awakens to a full consciousness of its monstrous selfishness and criminality. By a mistake Katusha, though innocent, is sentenced to exile in Siberia. The remainder of the story is devoted to the attempted regeneration of her soul by Nekhlúdoſſ. He makes daily visits to the foul prison cell, and in the end accompanies the exiles to Siberia. The climax, which is extremely weak, occurs when Katusha is pardoned and exempted from exile. Of course all this is not for the story's sake, but to afford opportunity for the author's ethical purposes. We see the mock justice of the courts, the absurd inflexibility of the law, the horrible condition of the prison system, the cruelty to which prisoners are subjected.

It can readily be seen from such a plot what a vast canvas Tolstoy has had on which to paint his pictures. He used the opportunity well. It is here that we discover what gives power and sincerity to the great moralising tendencies of the book. Here we see Count Tolstoy as the mighty realist, the wonderful painter of cleancut portraits and vivid scenes. It is the power which made "War and Peace," one of the greatest war stories ever written, and more than any other gives us the "intimacy of battle," as Mr. Henley puts it. Court scenes, street scenes, pictures of high life, peasant groups, prison views, scenes in the lowest strata of society, all are presented to us with a marvellous faithfulness and truth. Certainly it is high art.

*The Black Wolf's Breed.* By Harris Dickson. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

Mr. Dickson has given another twist to the kaleidoscope of the historical novel and again the tiny pieces of tinted glass have shifted into new positions—only it is rather a feeble and awkward turn this time, and the result can hardly compare with the standard set by Dr. Mitchell, Mr. Churchill and their compeers. The book is built on the most conventional lines and well supplied with all the accredited *materia romantica*,

the plots and counter-plots, thrills and mysteries, rides and rallies, duels and amours; and, as if to leave no doubt as to its literary *genre* it is liberally seasoned with the trade-marks of its kind—the *sine qua non* of romance, the “Egads” and “zounds” and all the little twists and tricks of expression which are the accepted means of denoting the language of other times and places.

It is a story of “France—in the old world and in the new,” the action beginning on this side of the water, but speedily shifting to the old world—to Paris and Versailles, where the main incidents occur. The hero, De Mouret, departs in no respect from the type. He is the soul of honour, a paragon of virtue, bravery, *et cetera*, *et cetera*—but why elaborate? Surely the reading public is familiar with the unvaried excellence of the qualities with which the conventional romantic hero is endowed by the bounty of a prodigal Providence. In fact, there is not a character in the book who aspires to the least degree of individuality. They are all lay figures, puppets, mamnets, that bow and strut and fight and flee and live and lie, even as the whim of their author dictates. The only person in the book who excites a flicker of interest—Florine—the “girl of the wine shop,” is unfortunately disposed of before the half is over. But of action—vigorous, intense, dramatic, there is no lack. No sooner has De Mouret set foot on the soil of France than he is involved in a web of adventure that continues without a moment’s breathing space until he leaves again for America. And it is narrated with no inconsiderable degree of vividness and dramatic expression. By far the finest thing in the book is the scene in the cellar of Bertrand’s wine shop, wherein De Mouret is locked with the spy, Broussard. The depiction of the death struggle in which they engage, and De Mouret’s frenzied horror at being confined in the darkness with the corpse of his enemy, conveys with terrible force the tragic significance of the situation.

The most appalling defect is the utter want of consecutiveness. Event follows event, with no apparent logical sequence; the cannon of unity is completely disregarded, and the bonds of probability, elastic though they be, are often strained to the point of fracture. The author has made some attempts at describing the political conditions and customs of the time, but the effort is feeble and he leaves no distinct impression, no abiding picture.

The Talker feels some compunctions for so adverse a criticism, and must needs temper his justice with a little mercy. It is not that the book is a bad one—it is merely ordinary, commonplace, and without the saving grace of originality; and appearing as it does—unfortunately for itself—at the flood-tide of the neo-romantic movement, it cannot but suffer by comparison with its more successful contemporaries.

And, after all, how willingly would we forego all this sounding pomp and blinding glitter of romance that dazzles our eyes and cloyes our sense—how gladly would we exchange it all for one touch of honest naturalness, one morsel of abiding truth!

*The Toiling of Felix and Other Poems.* By Henry van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.

The Talker candidly confesses himself to be one of those who think that Dr. van Dyke,—here, as in other respects, a true follower of Stevenson—has struck a finer melody in some of his prose writings than in any of his poetry. When he sings to us of little rivers and fisherman's luck therein, we ever and anon catch echoes of the vital harmony of nature. And, after all, the essence of Poetry (using the word with its widest connotation) consists in transmitting them. But neither "The Builders" nor "The Toiling of Felix" abounds in this last, indefinable quality. Sometimes, however, they approach it so nearly that he would be a very bold man who should venture a negative generalisation. The Talker does not wish to be misunderstood. He does not deny to Dr. van Dyke verse of a high order of merit. He merely maintains that the author in question has given his most likely contributions to permanent literature through the medium of prose. Again he would frankly avow that for him the keenest pleasure of the little volume was not derived from the three long poems with which it opens. Of these, to be sure, the one which gives the title to the book is marked by a severe and Scriptural simplicity, by elevated feeling, by a lively but well controlled imagination. But—aside from the merits and demerits of the art for ethics' sake contention—the uncomfortable sensation undergone whenever the poet ascends the pulpit, narrows the possibility of an altogether favorable impression. "Vera," too, is open to the same vague criticism, though largely redeemed by the series of noble pictures in still life which it affords us, and the remarkable skill displayed on the side of architectonics. As for "Another Chance," it is marred not only by the over-emphasized moral element, but also by failing to rise to the editorial necessities of the monodramatic situation. For the seven concluding songs, however, we have words of almost unqualified praise. To seize something of the spontaneity of Robert Herrick, that greatest of our songsters, and reproduce it in this sophisticated generation, surely this is a noteworthy achievement! Browning never accomplished it, and even the consummate art of Tennyson occasionally failed to hide the deadly lack of artlessness with which the age is cursed. Now, what are the requirements of the *cantabile*? Mr. Frederic Harrison enumerates them thus: "A true song must be simple, familiar, musically suggestive of a simple touching idea," and, we may add in the words of old Samuel Lover, it must be made up of "singing words." Dr. van Dyke has frequently fulfilled these requirements. Is not the breath of the dawn in the carol which the robin flings to the angler on his way?

"Terra-lirra,  
Down the river,  
Laughing water  
All a-quiver.  
Day is near,



Clear, clear.  
 Fish are breaking,  
 Time for waking.  
 Tup, tup, tup.  
 Do you hear?  
 All clear —  
 Wake up !"

What could be more simple, familiar, and touching than this, the second stanza of "A Slumber-Song for the Fisherman's Child?"

"Far away, my little boatie,  
 Roaring waves are white with foam;  
 Ships are striving, onward driving,  
 Day and night they roam.  
 Father's at the deep-sea trawling  
 In the darkness, rowing, hauling,  
 While the hungry winds are calling,—  
 God protect him, little boatie,  
 Bring him safely home !"

"The River of Dreams" is no less admirable in its way. These three may be far from perfect poems, but they will lend themselves to a sympathetic voice better than many more finished productions.

Knowing Dr. van Dyke's admiration and thorough study of the late Laureate, The Talker could not help being on the watch for Tennysonian reflections, but his search was almost unrewarded. Sir Lancelot, indeed, before the robin, sang "'Tirra-lirra' by the river" in "The Lady of Shalott." "When the bar at the harbour-mouth is crossed" reminds us of him who hoped to see his Pilot face to face when he had crossed the bar. "Hands of power divinely tender; brow of light divinely fair" has a suggestion of the famous repetition of the adverb in "A Dream of Fair Women." But, beyond such slender resemblances, and a general similarity in the pauses and paragraphs of blank-verse structure, Tennyson cannot be said to have contributed more than his proper quota of culture to Dr. van Dyke.

In these days, when the sole effort of our poetasters seems to be to fall into a Kiplingesque swing, it is a veritable delight to find a poet who takes his art conscientiously, and is not careless about the little touches. Dr. van Dyke proves himself more than a moderate artificer. It is not too much to say that there is not a single unintentional cacophony in this whole collection. The tone-colour effects at times almost bear the marks of inspiration. Here is one of the best imitations of a bird's song with which we are acquainted :

"Surely, surely, surely,  
 Life is dear,  
 Even here.  
 Blue above,  
 You to love,  
 Purely, purely, purely."

"The River of Dreams" enters its course with a slow, langorous movement made of the most open vowels and the most prolongable liquids but when it 'runs wildly down,' then, without any violation of the



stanzaic law, all becomes quick and harsh with a hint of mystery in the mere sound. In the longer poems, Dr. van Dyke shows a fondness for full, plangent measures of six and seven stresses to the line, admirably adapted to the general atmosphere and meaning. We consider it rather unfortunate, however, that the "Envoy" of "The Toiling" is set jingling in its last lines by the introduction of Leonine rhyme.

In short, Dr. van Dyke's new book contains good verse if not great poetry; it has a lesson to teach you (if you like plain lessons in metre) of the dignity of Labour and the power of Love; it will sing yon infectious melodies that make this bright Spring brighter still; and it will prove to you that the builders of beautiful phrases did not end with Tennyson.

*Smith College Stories.* By Josephine Dodge Daskam. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

It is well known that there is much scepticism abroad among conservative people as to the higher education of woman. Miss Daskam realises the fact and devotes no small share of attention to it. Such prejudice is in these days absurd, as the Talker very readily recognises, and yet frankness compels him to admit that he found himself entering upon the perusal of the above volume with some misgivings as to how he should like it. He knew very little of girl's colleges and so his scepticism, like most other scepticism, arose out of ignorance. After reading the stories however all doubts are settled and the Talker is on the verge of becoming an enthusiast. For a while however he trembled lest his worst fears should be realised. The opening story is not calculated to remove such misgivings as the Talker possessed. The transcribing in black and white with a cold pen and cold ink upon cold paper, of warm, living college customs is not easy, at best. In certain cases it is well nigh impossible. There are in every college some customs which are so spontaneous, so apropos of time and place, so backed by the force of habit and the power of tradition, that they pass unnoticed as perfectly natural: yet the same customs when elaborated in print and sent into a totally different atmosphere, must to those who are unfamiliar with the environment, seem somewhat foolish. The same thing is true to an even greater extent of doggerel, and though the following may have made a due impression at the time, we wonder that Miss Daskam invited the mirth of the scornful by putting it in print.

"Oh, *here's* to Kath'rine *Storrs*,

Aught but *yellow* she *abhors*,

Drink her *down*, drink her *down*, drink her *down*, *down*, *down*!"

Or this:

"Oh, *here's* to Nannie's *Dad*,

He's the *best* she could have *had*,

Drink him *down*, drink him *down*, drink him *down*, *down*, *down*!"

Which is a rather doubtful compliment. And these are not the only

gems! But the stories grow better and better and the Talker soon had to change his mind. They are without exception interesting and they have the additional charm of being well told. The style is admirable. It is smooth and fluent, at times brilliant. Natural ease and grace are supplemented by a sense of humour and a love of satire, the whole being punctuated with frequent epigrammatic sentences. Miss Daskam has been a careful observer of human nature and has not hesitated to reproduce the failings of her sex. Marjory Cunningham "looked fully twenty, and was young enough to find satisfaction in this circumstance." Evangeline Potts "could learn anything in half the time it would take anybody else to get a fair idea of it, and she could, if so minded, carry insolence to the point of a fine art." She also refers to "that reasonless pitiless boycotting that only women can accomplish so lightly—so unconsciously do you think?" Two girls after a slight altercation part in the typical feminine way never to speak again. Had they been of the opposite sex they would probably have exchanged very uncomplimentary epithets and forgotten all about it the following day. Another girl is represented as having failed to make one of the societies in spite of her roommate's efforts in her behalf. "I've put you up five times, Kate, love, but they think your hair's too straight. Couldn't you curl it?" Such touches are thoroughly delicious.

But Miss Daskam is not only a student of human nature; she is a master of the art of emotional writing. Some of the stories are pathetic, others fairly sparkle with humour from beginning to end—and the reader is carried along through both under the spell of the writer's power.

The one standard by which a volume of college stories must be judged is of course embodied in the question. "Do they give a true representation of the college life as it really exists?" Many college stories are devoted to unusual situations and thrilling adventures which probably never occur. Others aim merely to reproduce college life with its routine of work, worry and pleasure. It is this that has placed *Princeton Stories* in the very forefront of college literature. And for the same reason we are inclined to accord "Smith College Stories" a high rank. Those who are in a position to know say that the life of Smith is admirably portrayed. There is the atmosphere of a large body of young women with common aims and common pleasures. Nor are they so very different from their brothers. The Glee Club singing on the steps of the Music Hall is not so unlike Senior Singing on the steps of Old North, perhaps a lineal descendant, and *Mandalay* seems to be an equal favorite at both places. "Biscuits ex Machina" is strikingly like "Fixing that Freshman" of *Princeton Stories*, the plots being practically identical. "The Education of Elizabeth" is unique and especially good, and the plan of the last two stories is thoroughly original. "A Family Affair" should be especially mentioned as showing the ability of the author at her best.

—D. Laurance Chambers.

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